

P. o. angl.

360^v

Shakespeare

GESCHENK
FRESENILS

PLAYS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

C
T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.

B A S I L:

Printed and fold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC. II.

BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MUENCHEN

GESCHENK
FRESENIUS

ROMEO AND JULIET.*



VOL. XXI.

B



* ROMEO AND JULIET.] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Baudello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels and Prædises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson." Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1592. "M. Tottel] *Romeo and Julietta*." Again Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Juliett*." The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*, 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in some respects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the publick.—This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone.

STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la*

loro pietosa morte; intervenuta già nella città di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata. Of the author some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the present volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constancie; with the subtill counsels, and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play. — In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now stated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I should enter more largely into the subject, but that the various passages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furnish such a decisive proof of the play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehension, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is

not, whether Shakspeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis* on which his play was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakspeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hystory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I suspected was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramattick pieces. STEEVENS.

P R O L O G U E.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

* This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1579, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and verification. In the folio it is omitted. — The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first act:

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1579, stands thus:

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,
From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-croft lovers tooke their life;
Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,
And death-markt passage of their parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'll studie to amend. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

Romeo, *son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*

Friar John, *of the same order.*

Balthazar, *servant to Romeo.*

Samplon } *servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE *during the greater part of the play, in Verona:
once in the fifth Act at Mantua.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

SAM. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.*

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

* ——— *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following. So, Skelton:

“ ——— You, I say, Julian,

“ Wyll you beare no coles?”

Again, Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says: “ We will bear no coles, I warrant you.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: “ He has had wrong, and if I were he, I would bear no coles.” Again, in *Law Tricks*, or *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: “ I'll carry coals an you will, no horns.” Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: “ You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals.” And again, in the same play: “ Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit,” &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: “ Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog.” And, lastly in the poet's own *King Henry V*: “ At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.” Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: “ Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket.” STEEVENS.

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead,

SAM. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is

intituled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Churchyard," &c. published after the death of K. Charles I. N^o 22. page 50, is inserted "*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not *carry coals*. By Dr. Gouge." PERCY.

Notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored.—"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap *coals* of fire upon his head." &c. Prov. xxv. 22.—or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xx. 20. HENLEY.

The English version of the Bible (exclusive of its nobler use) has proved of infinite service to literary antiquaries; but on the present occasion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. "Hang him, foul *Collier!*" says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the Devil, in the fourth act of *Twelfth Night*. Any person therefore who would *bear* to be called *collier*, was said to *carry coals*.

It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout: So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

"He made him laugh, that lookt as he would sweare;

"He *carried coales*, that could abide no gest." STEEVENS.

The phrase should seem to mean originally, We'll not submit to servile offices; and thence secondarily, we'll not endure injuries. It has been suggested, that it may mean, "*we'll not bear* resentment burning like *a coal of fire* in our bosoms, without breaking out into some outrage;" with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in the bosom: But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation. MALONE.

— to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; ³ I will cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.⁴ Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.⁵

³ ——— cruel with the maids;] The first folio reads — civil with the maids. JOHNSON.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciwill*. It was manifestly an error of the press. The first copy furnishes no help, the passage there standing thus: "He play the tyrant; ile first begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

⁴ ——— Poor John.] is bake, dried, and salted. MALONE.

⁵ ——— here comes two of the house of the Montagues.] The word

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.^s

two, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable viscount Mountacute, 1575;

" And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat

" Thys token which the Mountacutes did beare alwaies, for that

" They covet to be knowne from Capels, where they pass,

" For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was." MALONE.

^s — I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.] So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, Act III. sc. iii. p. 45:

" Orgylus. To bite his thumb at me.

" Argus. Why should not a man bite his thumb?

" Orgylus. At me? were I scorn'd to see men bite their thumbs:

" Rapiers and daggers," &c. GREY.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, fir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

SAM. Is the law on our side, if I say — ay?

GRE. No.

SAM. No, fir, I do not bite my thumb at you, fir;
but I bite my thumb, fir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, fir.

ABR. Quarrel, fir? no, fir.

SAM. If you do, fir, I am for you; I serve as
good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, fir.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596, has this passage. “Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico* with his thombe in his mouth.” In a translation from Stephens’s *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142. I meet with these words: “It is said of the Italians, if they once bite their fingers’ ends in a threatening manner, God knows, if they set upon their enemy face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe.” Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn*:

“Huff. How, spill it?

Spill it at me?

“Tip. I reck not, but I spill it.” STEEVENS.

This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author’s time. “What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul’s Church,) what shoudering, what jussling, what jeering, what byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!” THE DEAD TERM, 1608.

MALONE.

Enter BENVOLIO,⁷ at a distance.

GRE. Say — better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.⁸

SAM. Yes, better, sir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.⁹ [*They fight.*

BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

⁷ *Enter Benvolio,*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

⁸ — *here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: Gregory is a servant of the Capulets, and Benvolio was of the Montague faction." FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. Gregory may mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time, Benvolio enters on the opposite side. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Stable for News*: "I do confess a swashing blow." In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, Fraud says:

"I will haunt it and brave it after the lusty swash."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a swashing outside."

See Vol. VIII. p. 204, n. 5.

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, "— in spending and spoiling, in swearing and swashing," Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that "to swash is to make a noise with swordes against tergats." STEEVENS.

BEN. I do but keep the peace? put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate
the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the
fray ; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1. CIT. Clubs, bills,² and partizans! strike!
beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Monta-
gues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

CAP. What noise is this? — Give me my long
sword,³ ho!

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you
for a sword?

² Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See Vol. VIII. p. 367, n. 2. and Vol. XIV. p. 33, n. 9. MALONE.

³ Give me my long sword,] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON. See Vol. V. p. 72, n. 9. MALONE.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says :

“ Take their confessions, and my long sword ;

“ I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.”

The *little sword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dress sword. STEEVENS.

The little sword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*.

MALONE.

CAP. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

MON. Thou villain, Capulet, — Hold me not,
let me go.

LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek
a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — what ho! you men, you
beasts, —

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons⁴ to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

⁴ — mis-temper'd weapons —] are angry weapons. So, in *King John*:

“ This inundation of mis-temper'd humour,” &c.

STEEVENS.

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.⁵
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new a-
broach? —

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary?
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo! — saw you him
to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
fun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,⁶

⁵ *To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

⁶ *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

“ Early before the morn with cremosin ray
“ The windows of bright heaven opened had,
“ Through which into the world the dawning day
“ Might looke,” &c. STEEVENS.

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where, — underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, —
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own, —
 That most are busied when they are most alone,⁷ —
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.⁸

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Again, in *Summa Totalis*; or *All in All*, or *the same for ever*, 4to.
 1607:

" Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vesper's sheene)
 " Peepes through the purple windowes of the East."

HOLT WHITE.

⁷ *That most are busied &c.*] Edition 1597. Instead of which it
 is in the other editions thus:

" ————— by my own,
 " Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
 " Being one too many by my weary self,
 " Pursu'd my humour," &c. POPE.

⁸ *And gladly shunn'd &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edi-
 tion 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means?⁹

MON. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from founding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.²

⁹ Ben. *Have you importun'd &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

² *Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*] [Old copy—*same*.] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*; that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech; these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world.

JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. An expression somewhat similar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“A dedicated beggar to the *air*.”

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Mason observes “that there is not a single passage in our author where so great an improvement of language is obtained, by so slight a deviation from the text.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*:

“—She never *told* her love,

“But let *concealment*, like a worm i' the bud,

“Feed on her damask cheek.”

In the last act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosalind* of Daniel; and in the present passage might have remem-

18 ROMEO AND JULIET.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

BEN. See, where he comes : So please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

MON. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young?*

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BEN. It was : — What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

bered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time:

“ And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising sunne,
“ The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,
“ Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done.”

Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

* *Is the day so young?*] i. e. is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 : “ It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet *moche* of the *nyghte* to come.” STEEVENS.

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!³
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard t all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love!⁴ O loving hate!

³ —to his will!] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his ill. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should find paths to ill is no great wonder.

JOHNSON.

It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. NICHOLS.

What Romeo seems to lament is, that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without laws, give path-ways to our will!

i. e. being lawless itself, prescribe laws to others. STEEVENS.

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears so gentle, should be a tyrant.—It is no less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he *wills*, or desires to wound. MALONE.

⁴ Why then, O brawling love! &c.] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis. JOHNSON.

O any thing, of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMOUS.

Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

“ Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,

“ A living death, an ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:

“ A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with life!

“ A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with vice!” &c.

Immediately from *The Romaunt of the Rose*:

“ Love it is an hatefull pees,

“ A free aquitaunce without reles,—

“ An heavie burthen light to beare,

“ A wicked wawe awaie to weare;

“ And health full of maladie,

“ And charitie full of envie;—

“ A laughter that is weping aie,

“ Rest that traunaileth night and daie,” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

“ Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;

“ E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio;

“ E volo sopra'l ciel, e giaccio in terra;

“ E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.” &c.

Sonnet 105.

Sir Thomas Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover*, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.⁵ —
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;⁶
Being vex'd,⁷ a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [going.

BEN. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness,⁸ who she is you love.

⁵ *Why, such is love's transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling* —. Being excited and enforced. To urge the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Dr. Akenfide, in his *Hymn to Cheerfulness*, has the same expression:

"Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,

"And bid the joyless day retire." REED.

⁷ *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is lost.

JOHNSON.

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhyme with them; as also in the following, about Rosaline's chastity. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 218, n. 7. MALONE

ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

BEN. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROM. A right good marks man! — And she's
fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROM. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,²
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,³
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.⁴

² *And, in strong proof &c.]* As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

— in strong proof —] In chastity of proof, as we say in armour of proof. JOHNSON.

³ *She will not stay the siege of loving terms,]* So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart;

“To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.” MALONE.

⁴ *— with beauty dies her store.]* Mr. Theobald reads, “With her dies beauty's store;” and is followed by the two succeeding

BEN. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste?

ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;⁵

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.⁶

editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1629:

"Nature now shall boast no more
"Of the riches of her store;
"Since, in this her chiefest prize,
"All the flock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*:

"—— with her dies
"The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman."

STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the present reading may be right, and Romeo means to say, in his quaint jargon, That she is poor, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. *She is rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

⁵ *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;*] So, in our author's first Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding."

MALONE.

⁶ *For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,⁷
 To merit blifs by making me despair:
 She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
 Do I live dead,⁸ that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more:⁹
 These happy masks,² that kiss fair ladies' brows,

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to stop posterity?"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

"Seeming to bury that posterity,

"Which by the rights of time thou need'st must have?"

MALONE.

⁷ ——— *wisely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly blifs. MALONE.

None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

⁸ *Do I live dead,*] So Richard the Third:

"—— now they kill me with a *living death*."

See Vol. XV. p. 274, n. 7. MALONE.

⁹ *To call hers, exquisite, in question more:*] That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. HEATH.

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. See Vol. VIII. p. 113, n. 5.

MALONE.

² *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, &c. ult:

"We stand here for an Epilogue.

"Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow!"

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve,³ but as a note
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.⁴

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

"For women's favours are a leading alms:

"If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

"Out at your masks."

Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority.

STEEVENS.

These happy masks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy masks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. VI. p. 88, n. 6. MALONE.

³ *What doth her beauty serve,*] i. e. what end does it answer? In modern language we say—"serve for." STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

"'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget.*"—Pope's *Eloisa*.

STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

*A Street.**Enter CAPULET, Paris, and Servant.*

CAP. And Montague is bound⁵ as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,⁶
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAR. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.⁷

⁵ And Montague is bound —] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

⁶ Let two more summers wither in their pride,] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

“ — Three winters cold

“ Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,—.”

MALONE.

⁷ And too soon marr'd are those so early made.] The 4to. 1597, reads:—And too soon marr'd are those so early married.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression,

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:⁸

which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

"The maid that *soon married* is, *soon married* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

"Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made*!"

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

STEEVENS.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

⁸ *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth,—] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again,

"So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth, in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate. So, in a *Trick to catch the old one*, 1619;

"A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

Again, in the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Dr. Bright's *Characterie, an arte of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by character*, 12mo. 1588.

"And this my inuention being altogether of English yeeld, where your Majestie is the *Ladie of the Soyle*, it appertayneth of right to you onely." STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a passage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says,

"This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel

"A stark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

Again, in this play:

"Can I go forward, when my heart is here?"

"Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet:

"Poor soul, the center of my sinful *earth*,—" MALONE.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;⁹
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:²

⁹ *My will to her consent is but a part; To, in this instance, signifies in comparison with, in proportion to. So, in K. Henry VIII: "These are but switches to them." STEEVENS.*

² *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:] This nonsense should be reformed thus:*

Earth-treading stars that make dark even light:

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again in this play:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

"And op'd those eyes that must *eclipse the day*."

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

I will not say that this passage, as it stands, is absolute nonsense; but I think it very absurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read,

Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.

That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

The old reading is sufficiently supported by a parallel passage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593:

"My beautie blas'd like torch or twinckling *starre*,

"A liuely lamp that *lends darke world some light*."

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel³
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Mr. M. Mason's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

"Did light those beamy flars which greater light did dark."
STEEVENS.

³ ——— *do lusty young men feel* —] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do lusty yeomen feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

Young men are certainly yeomen. So, in *A lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde;

"Robyn commaunded his wight yong men.

"Of lii. wyght yonge men.

"Seven score of wyght yonge men.

"Buske you my mery yonge men."

In all these instances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—yeomen.

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland:

"There met he these wight yonge men

"Now go we hence sayed these wight yong men.

"Here is a set of these wyght yong men."

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that these passages have accidentally escaped alteration, as we generally meet with "wyght yemen." See also Spelman's Glossary; *voce JUNIORES*. It is no less singular that in a subsequent act of this very play the old copies should, in two places, read "young trees" and "young tree," instead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. RITSON.

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and show the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

"That it was May, thus dremid me,

"In time of love and jolite,

Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; ⁴ hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none. ⁵

“ That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c. —

“ Then yong folke entendin aye,

“ For to ben gaie and amorous,

“ The time is then so favourable.”

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51,” &c.

Again, in *The Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS.
 Penes Dr. Farmer.

“ Hit bifelle by twyxe marche and maye,

“ Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke;

“ Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,

“ And every wight desirith his like;

“ Whan lovers slepen with opyn yee,

“ As nightingalis on grene tre,

“ And sore desire that thai cowde flye

“ That thay myghte with there love be” &c. p. 2.

STEEVENS.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

“ From you have I been absent in the spring,

“ When proud-pied April drefs'd in all his trim,

“ Hath put a spirit of youth in ev'ry thing.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

“ Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,

“ Then in the April of her springing age —” MALONE.

⁴ Inherit at my house;] To inherit, in the language of Shakespeare's age, is to possess. See Vol. XII. p. 8, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.] The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is there, *Which one more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

Such, amongst view of many, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [on] more view of many, &c. MALONE.

Come, go with me;—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one.

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Among the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. Choose out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

“ — Hear all, all see,

“ And like her most, whose merit most shall be.”

My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. estimation) among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene:

“ Of honourable reckoning are you both.” STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — our compell'd fins

“ — Stand more for number, then accompt.” i. e. estimation.

There is here an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that *one is no number*. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II:

“ — to fall to one,

“ — is to fall to none,

“ For one no number is.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“ One is no number.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet:

“ Among a number one is reckon'd none,

“ Then in the number let me pass untold.”

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

“ To his approved friend a solemn oath he plight,—

“ — every where he would resort where ladies wont to meet;

“ Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

“ For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.—

* * * *

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown

“ But Capulet himself had bid unto his feast, &c.

“ Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;

“ Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to search out.” MALONE.

Whose names are written there,⁶ [*gives a paper*]
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here?⁷ It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment.—“To search amongst view of many,” is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads

Which one more view of many—

And this leads us to the right reading, which I should suppose to have been this:—

Whilst on more view of many, mine being one, &c.

With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling. M. MASON.

⁶ ——— *find those persons out,*

Whose names are written there,] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem already mentioned:

“No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Find them out, whose names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: “And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,” &c. STEEVENS.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:⁸

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.⁹

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.²

⁸ ——— *with another's languish:*] This substantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595:

“ Alas, it skills not,
“ For thus I will not,
“ Now contented,
“ Now tormented,
“ Live in love and *languish*.” MALONE.

⁹ *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

“ Ere long the townish dames together will resort;
“ Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely
port,
“ With so fast-fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,
“ That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of
old.
“ And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
“ So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive.”

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “ —a fire divided in twayne burneth flower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiscence of the first.” MALONE.

² *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman
is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good
fellow.

SERV. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, fir, can you
read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERV. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow; I can read. [reads.

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady
widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely
nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin
Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither
should they come?

The same thought occurs in Albumazar, in the following lines;

“ Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:

“ Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my shin.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609, a fellow
who has had his head broke, says: “ 'Tis nothing, a fillip, a
device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*.”

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly ap-
plied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither?

SERV. To supper; to our house.*

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.³ Rest you merry. [Exit.

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

* *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

³ — crush a cup of wine.] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Fill the pot, hostess &c. and we'll crush it."

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

"— we'll crush a cup of thine own country wine."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Gobler says:

"Come, George, we'll crush a pot before we part."

We still say, in cant language—*to crack a bottle*. STEEVENS.

BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales,⁴ let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid⁵
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such fight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now, by my maiden-head, — at twelve
year old, —

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now, who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

⁴ ——— in those *crystal scales*,] The old copies have—*that*
crystal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am
not sure that it is necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for
the entire machine. MALONE.

5. — let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid——] Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. HEATH.

JUL. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

LA. CAP. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LA. CAP. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen⁶ be it spoken, I have but
four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LA. CAP. A fortnight, and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;⁷

⁶ — to my teen —] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

“ — for dread and doleful teen.”

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

⁷ 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:⁸—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand alone;⁹ nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man;—took up the child:

Gabriel Harvey's letter in the preface to Spenser's works, edit. 1679.]
 If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*,
 or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of
 April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed;
 and not later than the middle of July, a fortnight and odd days
 before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *Nay, I do bear a brain:]* That is, I have a perfect remem-
 brance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke
 of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. "When these wordes of command
 are rotten, wee will sow some other military feedes; you beare a
 braine and memory." REED.

So, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Dash, we must bear some brain."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"—nay an I bear not a brain,—"

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"As I can bear a pack, so I can bear a brain."

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *could stand alone;]* The 4to. 1597, reads: "could stand
high lone, i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So, in another of our
 author's plays, *high fantastical* means entirely fantastical.

STEEVENS.

*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth
he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,² and said—*Ay.*

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but
laugh,³

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

² — *it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"Stint thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

"Pish! for shame, *stint* thy idle chat."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:

"—Fame's but a blast that sounds a while,

"And quickly *stints*, and then is quite forgot."

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*.

STEEVENS.

³ Nurse. *Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour⁴ that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LA. CAP. Well,⁵ think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.⁶

LA. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

⁴ *It is an honour*——] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

Honour was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

⁵ *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —— *a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax."

STEEVENS.

NURSE.⁸ Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LA. CAP. What say you?⁹ can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume² of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,³

— a man of wax.] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. "When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus," (says, Horace,) [*Waxen, well shaped, fine turned:*]

"With passion swells my fervid breast,

"With passion hard to be suppress."

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that the praise was given to the shape, not to the colour. S. W.

⁸ Nurse.] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She answers, "I'll look to like," &c. and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

⁹ La. Cap. *What say you?* &c.] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

³ *Read o'er the volume* &c.] (The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Her face the book of praises, where is read

"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

² *Examine every married lineament*, &c.] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*several* lineament. By the former of these phrases Shakspeare means—Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of "the married calm of states;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

"By unions married, do offend thine ear."

So also, in Ronsard:

Phébus du milieu de la table,

Pour réjouir le front des Dieux,

And see how one another lends content;
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.⁴
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:⁵
 The fish lives in the sea;⁶ and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide:

*Marioit sa voix délectable
 A son archet mélodieux.*

Again:

*Le mariant aux haleines
 De trompettes qui sont pleines
 D'un son furieux & grave.* STEEVENS.

This speech, as has been observed, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *several* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only because the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not understand it. MALONE.

⁴ ——— *the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says: "— I know you must be edify'd by the *margent*," &c.

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 "Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
 "Nor read the subtle shining secrecies.
 "Writ in the glassy *margent* of such books." MALONE.

⁵ *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:*] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a book, and the *binding* in marriage; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

⁶ *The fish lives in the sea:* &c.] i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage; and it may receive some support from what *Ænobarbus* says in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow."

STEEVENS.

The purport of the remainder of this speech, is to show the

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;⁷
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:⁸
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,⁹
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Madam,² the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the

advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that in stead of "the fish lives in the sea," we should read, "the fish lives in the shell." For the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may.—I believe, that by the *golden story*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. MASON.

⁷ *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;*] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I'll look to like, if looking liking move:*] Such another jingle of words occurs in the Second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "——and seeing to like, and liking to love, and loving straight," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——endart mine eye.] The quarto, 1597, reads: "engage mine eye." STEEVENS.

² *Madam, &c.*] To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO,³ BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

³ ——— *Mercutio,*] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story; “—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained.” *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 221. STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed :

“ At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,
 “ And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio ;
 “ A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
 “ For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.
 “ Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
 “ Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
 “ With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;
 “ A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band
 “ That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
 “ As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did
 them hold.”

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and “ a jester at wounds which *he never felt*.” See *Othello*, A& III. sc. iv:

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity:⁴
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,⁵
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;⁶

“ — This *hand* is moist, my lady;
“ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
“ *Hot, hot, and moist.*”

See also Vol. XVIII. p. 184, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ *The date is out of such prolixity:] i. e. Masks are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. WARBURTON.*

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *Mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment:

“ What come they in so blunt, *without device* ?”

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of *The Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. PERCY.

⁵ *Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,]* The *Tartarian* bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatic nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. MALONE.

⁶ — *like a crow-keeper;]* The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. MALONE.

See Vol. XX. p. 493, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Nor no without-book prologue,⁶ faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance:⁷
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure,⁸ and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch,⁹ — I am not for this am-
 bling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

⁶ *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

⁷ — *for our entrance:*] *Entrance* is here used as a trisyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

⁸ *We'll measure them a measure,*] i. e. a dance. See Vol. VII. p. 322, n. 7. MALONE.

⁹ *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers: he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" — As on a masque: but for our torch-bearers,]

" Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

" — a gallant crew,

" Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;

" Before whom, unintreated, I am come,

" And here prevented, I believe, their page,

" Who, with his torch is enter'd."

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw. See a wooden cut in Vol. X. p. 146.

To hold a torch, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment also, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no less than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. STEEVENS.

King Henry VIII. when he went masked to Wolsey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XVI. p. 53.

MALONE.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover;² borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:³
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love;⁴

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor!—what care I,

² Mer. *You are a lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. POPP.

³ — *so bound*,
I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occasion, keep Shakspeare in countenance:

" ————— in contempt

" At one flight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*

" Of hill," &c. *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. l. 180.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ————— *should you burden love*;] i. e. by sinking in it, you should, or would, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 59. MALONE.

What curious eye doth quote deformities?⁵

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner
in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of
heart,⁶

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;⁷

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,⁸ —

⁵ — doth quote deformities?] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry, that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not quoted him.”

See note on this passage, and Vol. IV. p. 206, n. 4. STEEVENS.

⁶ — let wantons, light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602:

“ — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“ Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

“ I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See Vol. XII. p. 314, n. 7. So *Hentzner* in his *Itinerary*, speaking of *Queen Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at *Greenwich*, says: “ The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *kay*,” meaning *rushes*. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,

“ Even as upon these *rushes* which thou treadest.”

The stage was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in *Decker's Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: “ — on the very *rushes* when the comedy is to daunce.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus *Marlowe*, in his *Hero and Leander*:

“ She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“ Striv'd with redoubled strength.—” MALONE.

⁸ — a grandfire phrase, &c.] The proverb which *Romeo* means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle,*

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁹

MER. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:²

is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this, — “A good candle-holder proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that “Our sport is at the best,” or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, “I am done.”

Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be “the constable's own word;” who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603: “What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouse*, LIE STILL. What Babulo! says Grissel. Anone, say I, and then this eye lookes up; yet doune I snug againe.” MALONE.

⁹ *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. RITSON.

— *and I am done.*] This is equivalent to phrases in common use—*I am done for, it is over with me*. *Done* is often used in a kindred sense by our author. Thus in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“— my mourning weeds are done.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“— as soon decay'd and done,

“As is the morning's dew.” STEEVENS.

² *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

“For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase;—and—

“The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.”

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire³
Of this (save reverence) love,⁴ wherein thou stick'st

done, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are fair, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike, And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandfire phrase*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacifick character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

³ *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*——] A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, A& III:

“ A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,
“ Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.
“ Draw *dun* out of the ditch.” DR. GREY.

Draw dun (a common name, as Mr. Douce observes, for a cart-horse) *out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

“ At shove-groate, venter point, or croffe and pile,
“ At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,
“ Or at the *drawing dun* out of the myer.”

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“ If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun*.”

It is also found among Ray's proverbial families.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers.”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

Dun out of the mire was the name of a tune, and to this sense

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.⁵

Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. *Taylor in a Navy of Land Ships* says, “ Nimble-heel’d mariners (like so many dancers) capping in the pumpe and vanities of this finfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of dusty my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine: all these dances have no other musicke.” HOLT WHITE.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton’s explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase, or showing why it should be *the constable’s own word*

M. MASON.

“ The cat is grey,” a cant phrase, somewhat similar to “ *Dun’s the mouse*,” occurs in *King Lear*. But the present application of Mercutio’s words will, I fear, remain in hopeless obscurity.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Of this (*save reverence*) love,] [The folio—*Or save your reverence* &c.] The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read—*O! for or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out, *O! save your reverence, love*. JOHNSON.

This passage is not worth a contest; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be:—“ We’ll draw thee from the mire (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou stick’st.”

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

“ Works himself clear, and as he runs refines.” STEEVENS.

I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Blount’s *Glossograph*. 8vo. 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

So, in Massinger’s *Very Woman*:

“ The beastliest man, —

“ (*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-master.”

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: — “ ungarter’d, unbutton’d, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untruss’d.”

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed: “ Why should his mistress not be fit too? The rather, *saving reverence* of the word, for ’tis said a woman’s fitness comes by fits.”

In *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. X. p. 261, the word is written

ROM. Nay, that's not so.

MER. I mean, fir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.⁶
Take our good meaning; for our judgement fits
Five times in that,⁷ ere once in our five wits.

as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense:
“—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *fir-*
reverence,”—And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now
printed in the text: “I think you will have me say (*save reverence*)
a husband.” The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line
thus unintelligibly:

Or, save you reverence, love—

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio
with a slight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he
found an error in a later quarto, seems to have corrected it by
caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—*Or,*
save your reverence, &c. MALONE.

⁵ ——— *we burn day-light, ho.*] To *burn daylight* is a proverbial
expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time.
See Vol. V. p. 60, n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest
quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read—*lights, lights by*
day. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Five times in that, &c.*] The quarto 1597, reads: “*Three times*
a day;” and *right wits*, instead of *fine wits.* STEEVENS.

——— *for our judgement fits*

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.] The quarto 1599,
and the folio, have—our *fine wits*. Shakspeare is on all occasions
so fond of antithesis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not
fine. The error has happened so often in these plays, and the
emendation is so strongly confirmed by comparing these lines as
exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the passage as it
stood originally, that I have not hesitated to give the reading
which I proposed some time ago, a place in the text.

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,
Vol. VII. p. 125, n. 7, where we find in all the old copies—“of
these *fine* the sense,” instead of “—these *five*.” Again, in *King*
Henry VI. P. I. Vol. XIV. p. 23, n. 8: “Deck'd with *fine* flower-
de-luces,” instead of—“*five*,” &c. In *Coriolanus*, (see Vol. XVII.
p. 423, n. 3.) the only authentick ancient copy has—“the *five*
strains of honour,” for “the *fine* strains of honour.” Indeed in the

ROM. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things
true.

MER. O, then,⁸ I see, queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife;⁹ and she comes

writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.—See also on the same point, Vol. V. p. 178, n. 3; Vol. X. p. 197, n. 6; and Vol. XVII. p. 125, n. 9.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*, (see Vol. VI. p. 227, n. 5.) in *King Lear*, and in one of his sonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am sure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus:

"Three times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three times*" to "*five times*," he, without doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

MALONE.

[⁸ O, then, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character. STEEVENS.

⁹ O, then, I see, *Queen Mab* hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,²
 Drawn with a team of little atomies³

the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.

STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or nightmare: Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. — The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

² *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "—— and an alderman, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his thumb-ring." STEEVENS.

³ —— *of little atomies* —] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

So, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" — I can tear thee

" As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off

" Like dust before the wind."

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*

" Than in the summer play before the sun."

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
 love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ies
 straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen Mab's chariot :

" Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 " Their harnesses of gossamere,
 " Fly cranion, her charioteer,
 " Upon the coach-box getting :
 " Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 " Which for the colours did excell,
 " The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 " So lively was the limning :
 " The seat, the soft wool of the bee,
 " The cover (gallantly to see)
 " The wing of a py'd butterfly,
 " I trow, 'twas simple trimming :
 " The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
 " And daintily made for the nonce,
 " For fear of rattling on the stones,
 " With thistle-down they shod it." STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nymphidia* was written several years after this tragedy.
 See Vol. VII. p. 35, n. 2. MALONE.

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats⁴ tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:⁵

⁴ — with sweet-meats —] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁵ Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit: &c.] Mr. Pope reads
 — lawyer's nose. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's* nose; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for these reasons: First, In the new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line:

“ O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:”

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been said before:

“ On courtiers' knees, that dream on courties straight;”

because they are shown in two places under different views: in the first, their *foppery*; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. “ The King ” (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) “ called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. to smell out] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reversion of the Custos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life.” Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers: for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

As almost every book of that age furnishes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has observed, I shall add but one other instance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: “ If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*.” MALONE.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading, *courtier's* nose, and has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

On *countries* knees —

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *counties* knees, that dream on courties straight: —

Counties I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *county* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, A& IV. we find:

"Princes and *counties*."

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, A& III:

"A ring the *county* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, Vol. I. p. 204. See also p. 7. The *Countie Palatine Lowys*. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

TYRWHITT.

In the *present* instance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition arose from the cause assigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

At the first entry of the characters in the history of *Orlando Furioso*, played before queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, *Sacripant* is called the *countie* *Sacripant*.

Again, *Orlando*, speaking of himself:

"Surnam'd Orlando, the *countie* Palatine."

Countie is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the quarto 1597:

And in this sort she gallops up and down
Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curties dreame:
O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait;
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreames he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,

Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,⁶
 Of healths five fathom deep;⁷ and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And bakes the elf-locks⁸ in foul fluttish hairs,

Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
 Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakspeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Spanish blades*,] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus.

“Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo;

“Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*.

STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been constantly printed instead of *uno*, which makes it nonsense; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

⁷ *Of healths five fathom deep*;] So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “— troth, sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has drunk so much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.” MALONE.

⁸ *And bakes the elf-locks &c.*] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“And when I shook these *locks*, now *knotted* all,

“As *bak'd* in blood,” —. MALONE.

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,⁹
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.²

This, this is she —

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence.³
Turning his face⁶ to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

⁹ — *when maids &c.*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Besrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

So, in *Gervase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. C. 17. *Vidimus quosdam*
dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt
ludibria, & cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, mira mole eas op-
primunt, nec ab aliis videntur. STEEVENS.

² — *of good carriage,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& I. sc. ii:
“ — let them be men of good repute and carriage ”

“ *Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great*
carriage; for he carried the town-gates, ” &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *from thence,*] The quarto 1597, reads — *in haste.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *his face* —] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient
copies have *side.* MALONE.

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life,⁴ clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my fail!⁵ — On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum.⁶ [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
 take away? he shift a trencher!⁸ he scrape a trencher!

⁴ — and expire the term

Of a despised life,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.” MALONE.

Again, in *Hubbard's Tale*:

“When as time flying with wings swift,

“Expired had the term” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Direct my fail!*] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

Direct my suit!] Guide the sequel of the adventure. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *Scene V.*] This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

⁸ — he shift a trencher! &c.] Trenchers were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.



Painted by W. Miller.

L. Gire. Sculp.

SHAKSPEARE.

Romeo and Juliet,

ACT. I. SCENE V.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand [To Juliet] My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this —
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

2. SERV. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,⁹ look to the plate:— good

To *shift a trencher* was technical. So, in *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: “—learne more manners, stand at your brothers backe, as to *shift a trencher* neatly” &c. REED.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. IV. p. 86, n. 5. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many publick societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationer's Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: “Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers. xxi d.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: so, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: “—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*.” Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman: Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate.” Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Place that in the *court-cupboard*.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “—they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*.” Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: “*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers,” &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

STEEVENS.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at publick festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

By “remove the *court-cupboard*,” the speaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it. — A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board*, but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be used to the time of Pope:

thou, save me a piece of marchpane;² and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Antony! and Potpan!

2. SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

“ The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,
“ And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.”

The *side-board* was I apprehend, introduced in the present century. MALONE.

A *court-board* was a moveable; a *Beufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside. STEEVENS.

² — *save me a piece of marchpane*;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

Marchpane was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *massépan*, It. *marzapane*, *il macapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *massépeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martsepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

Marchpane was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “ — seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in.” See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: “ Item, payd for ix *marzhe paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

Marchpanes were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his description of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, says “ — les confitures seiches & *massépan* y estoient si peu espargnez, que les dames & damoiselles estoient contraintes de s'en decharger sur les pages & les laquais, auxquels on les bailloit tous entiers.” Our *macaroons* are only debased and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

1. SERV. You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

1. SERV. We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1. CAP. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes³

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: — Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; — 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!⁴ — Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall!⁵ give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.

³ — — *their toes* —] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, *their feet*. — An editor by such capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

⁴ *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. MALONE.

⁵ *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former ex-

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,⁶
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
 Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 Nay, fit, nay, fit, good cousin Capulet;⁷

clamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Room! room! a hall! a hall!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“— Then cry, a hall! a hall!”

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Cry not, a hall, a hall; but chamber-roome;

“Dancing is lame,” &c.

and numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

⁶ — turn the tables up,] Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. So, in the ancient translation of Marco Paolo's Voyages, 1579. “After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his businesse.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ 7 — good cousin Capulet;] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Cousin was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and stepfather addresses him with

“But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my son.”

And in this very play, Act III. lady Capulet says:

“Tybalt my *cousin*! — O my brother's child.”

So, in *As you like it*:

“Ros. Me *uncle*?

“Duke. You *cousin*!”

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*. RITSON.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers use the word *cousin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent.

Richard III. during a whole scene calls his nephew York, *cousin*.

For you and I are past our dancing days:⁸
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2. CAP. By'r lady, thirty years.

1. CAP. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not
so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2. CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1. CAP. Will you tell me that?⁹
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight?²

fin; who in his answer constantly calls him *uncle*. And the old
Duchess of York in the same play calls her grandson, *cousin*:

"Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

"*York*. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper," &c.
and in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, Sylvio styles Rhodope at one
time his *aunt*, at others his *cousin*, to the great annoyance of Mr.
Sympson, the editor. M. MASON.

See also Vol. XV. p. 325, n. 7.

⁸ — — *our dancing days*:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads,
"our *standing* days." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Will you tell me &c.*] This speech stands thus in the first
copy:

Will you tell me that? it cannot be so:

His son was but a ward three years ago;

Good youths i' faith! — Oh, youth's a jolly thing!"

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this
play; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborne to
encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however,
of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

² *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*

Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our author
had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the

SERV. I know not, fir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night³

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:⁴

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, fight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.⁵

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

latter we are told—"A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by
the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner
is a knight:

"With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth
to dance." MALONE.

³ Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night—] Shakspeare has the
same thought in his 27th sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present read-
ing, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The
repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one,
in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our second folio.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's ear*:] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." HOLT WHITE.

⁵ For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.] Thus King Henry
VIII:

"—o beauty,

"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

Now, by the flock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1. CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore
storn you so?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1. CAP. Young Romeo is't?

TYB. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1. CAP. He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my
foul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

L. CAP. Go to, go to,
You are a faucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you;⁶—I know what.

You must contráry me!⁷ marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:⁸—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

TYB. Patience perforce⁹ with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

⁶ ——— to scath you;] i. e. to do you an injury. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“ They shall amend the *scath*, or kifs the pound.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“ Alas! what wretched villain hath done me such *scath*?”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XV. p. 299, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ *You must contráry me!*] The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love*, by *Greene*, 1616: “ — rather wishing to die than to *contrary* her resolution.” Many instances more might be selected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. x. Chap. 59:

“ ——— his countermand should have *contraried* so.”

The same verb is used in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *You are a princox; go:*] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-day*, 1610; in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: “ Your proud university *Princox*;” again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: “ That *Princox* proud;” and indeed by most of the old dramattick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune esbourdeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoil't child, than a coxcomb. MALONE.

⁹ *Patience perforce* —] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

“ *Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog.”

STEEVENS.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

ROM. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*to JULIET.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,² ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kisses.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do:

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to de-
spair.³

² *If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.]* The old copies read *fin.*
MALONE.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some me-
ritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment
submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been pro-
fane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two
blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a
sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote:

— the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

³ *O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;*

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.] Juliet had
said before that “palm to palm was holy palmer's kiss.” She
afterwards says that “palmer's have lips that they must use in
prayer.” Romeo replies, *that the prayer of his lips was, that they
might do what hands do; that is, that they might kiss.*

M. MASON.

JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*⁴

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kifs by the book.⁵

⁴ [*Kissing her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.*: he in like manner makes Lord Sands kifs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

⁵ *You kifs by the book.*] In *As you Like It*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

Of all men who have loosed themselves on Shakspeare, none is there who so inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforesaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he sore vexed and disquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at somewhat touching *noninos*; and lo! now differteth he on lip-gallantry." But (saith a wag at mine elbow) on the business of kissing, surely Calista's question might be addressed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that book-men can teach us to do over?" I believe, no dissertation, or guide to this interchange of fondness was ever penned, at least while Shakspeare was alive. All that Juliet means to say is—you kifs methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a treatise professedly written on the subject. When Hamlet observes on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we must speak by the card," can he be supposed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the present occasion; but could have said (with Mortimer in *King Henry IV.*)

"I understand thy kiffes, and thou mine;

"And that's a feeling disputation." AMNER.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.⁶

ROM. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1. CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.⁷—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

⁶ — *the chinks.*] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*. MALONE.

⁷ *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?”

Again, in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607: “—here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all.” STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: “After dinner, he was served with a *banquet*.” MALONE.

It appears from many circumstances that our ancestors quitted their eating-rooms as soon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings constructed in their gardens. These were called *banqueting-houses*, and here their desert was served. STEEVENS.

I thank you, honest gentlemen ;⁸ good night :—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, firrah, [*to* 2. CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late ;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*

JUL. Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman?⁹

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*

NURSE. Anon, anon :—

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

[⁸ — *honest gentlemen ;*] Here the quarto, 1597, adds :

“ I promise you, but for your company,
“ I would have been in bed an hour ago :
“ Light to my chamber, ho !” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, Vol. XXI. MALONE.

Enter CHORUS.²

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair,³ which love groan'd for, and would die,⁴
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

² — CHORUS.] This chorus added since the first edition.
POPE.

The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

³ *That fair,*] *Fair* it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. VIII. p. 248, n. 4. MALONE.

⁴ *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The instances produced in a subsequent note, by Mr. Malone, to justify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos which he judiciously commends, but from the folio which with equal judgement he has censured. These irregularities therefore, standing on no surer ground than that of copies published by ignorant players, and printed by careless compositors, I utterly refuse to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakspeare, or of the age he lived in.

Fair, in the present instance, was used as a dissyllable.

Sometimes, our author, as here, uses the same word as a dissyllable and a monosyllable, in the very same line. Thus in *The Tempest*, A& I. sc. ii:

“Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since.”

STEEVENS.

— *for which love groan'd for,*] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read — groan'd *fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: “In what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?” See Vol. XVII. p. 263, n. 5. Again, in *As you like it*, A& II. sc. vii: “— the scene *wher*in we play *in*.” MALONE.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
 [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

BEN. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MER. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too. —

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but — Ah me! couple but — love and dove;⁵
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid,⁶ he that shot so trim,

⁵ *Cry but — Ah me! couple but — love and dove;*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*: the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, however, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late usurper, truly described and represented,” 1664, p. 14: “— carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter’s repast.” To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. “*Provant* but love and dove,” may therefore mean, *furnish* but such hackney’d rhymes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers. STEEVENS.

—— *pronounce but love and dove;*] Thus the first quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line, *love and dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to — love and *day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone asks for instances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb* &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furnish him with the instance he desires. I am content, however, to follow the second folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Young Adam Cupid,*] All the old copies read, Abraham Cupid. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. (See *Observations*, p. 243.) It evidently alludes to the famous archer, Adam Bell. REED.

When king Cophetua lov'd the-beggar-maid.⁶ —
 He heareth not, stirreth not,⁷ he moveth not;
 The ape is dead,⁸ and I must conjure him. —
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

⁶ *When king Cophetua &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.
 STEEVENS.

“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so *trim*,
 “ When,” &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In *Decker's Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer:

“ — He shoots his bolt but seldom; but when *Adam* lets go,
 he hits:”

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows flick here.”

Trim was an epithet formerly in common use. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575:

“ Made sallies forth, as *tryme* men might do.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ And showed themselves *trimme* souldiours as I ween.”

STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in some old copies, *The song of a beggar and a king*. The following stanza, Shakspeare had particularly in view:

“ The blinded boy that shoots so *trim*,

“ From heaven down did he,

“ He drew a dart and shot at him,

“ In place were he did lie.” MALONE.

⁷ — *stirreth not*,] Old copies, unmetrically, — *he stirreth not*.
 STEEVENS.

⁸ *The ape is dead*,] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge.
 MALONE.

By her high forehead,⁹ and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,²
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it here stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be comforted with the humorous night:³
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

⁹ *By her high forehead,*] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. IV. p. 136, n. 4; and Vol. XVIII. p. 298, n. 3. MALONE.

² *And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,*] Here, peradventure, hath our waggish poet caught hold of somewhat from Barnabe Googe his version of Palingenius. See *Cancer*, edit. 1561.

"What shuld I here commend her *thies*, or *places ther that lie*?" AMNER.

³ — *the humorous night*:] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid, the moist dewy night. *Chapman* uses the word in that sense in his translation of *Homer*, B. II. edit. 1598:

"The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:

"Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous* earth."

Again, song 13th:

"— which late the *humorous* night

"Bespangled had with pearl —"

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto I:

"The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light." STEEVENS.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.⁴ —

In *Measure for Measure* we have "the vaporous night approaches;" which shows that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

⁴ *As maids &c.*] After this line in the old copies, I find two other verses containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have sometimes known how to blot:

"O Romeo that she were, ah that she were

"An open & cætera, thou a poprin pear!"

This pear is mentioned in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

"What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-pear, and such a goodly poprin as this to escape me?"

Again, in *A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"— I requested him to pull me

"A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,

"He'd have mistook, and given me a popperin."

In *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

Thus much may safely be said; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a parish in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13650:

"In Flandres, al beyonde the see,

"At Popering in the place."

In the edition of Messieurs Boydell I have also omitted these offensive lines. Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, that there are higher laws than those of criticism. STEEVENS.

These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our author; but what is more strange, his example has in this instance been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor in my apprehension has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation,

Romeo, good night; — I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

An open — or thou a poperin pear.

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *&cætera*, instead of the word. See Minshew's Dictionary, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the *Popering* tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653:

“ She thought it strange to see a man
“ In privy walk, and then anan
“ She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,
“ And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of Poperin, or Poperling, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the *Poperin* pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.ROM. He jests at scars,⁵ that never felt a wound.—[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid,⁶ since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —

It is my lady;⁷ O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were! —

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

⁵ *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book —“None can speake of a wound with skill, if he have not
a wound felt.” STEEVENS.“He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having
conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no
other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear
from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go
to Capulet's. RITSON.⁶ *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,⁸
That I might touch that cheek!⁹

JUL. Ah me!

ROM. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night,² being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

⁸ *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

“O that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads: “*kiss that cheek.*” STEEVENS.

² *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

As glorious to this night,] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the simile seems to require,

As glorious to this sight;—

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. THEOBALD.

I have restored the old reading, for surely the change was unnecessary. The plain sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night*, &c. It should be observed, however, that the simile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not so well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,³
And fails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside.*

JUL. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.⁴

³ ——— *the lazy-pacing clouds,*] Thus corrected from the first edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

⁴ *Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.*] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

Though is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

“ My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ ‘Would Catharine had never seen him *though*.’ ”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ I would not be so sick *though*, for his place.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

“ Would you have him your husband that you love,

“ And can it not be?— He is your servant, *though*,

“ And may perform the office of a husband.”

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — O dissembling woman,

“ Whom I must reverence *though*.”

Again, in the last speech of *The Maid's Tragedy* by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619:

“ Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in.”

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? ⁵ that which we call a rose,

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he is a Montague. And, to prove this she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson: a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets, and sometimes by our author himself. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what *though*?"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though*?"

Again, in *As you like it*:

"—we have no assembly here but beasts; but what *though*?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"It is a simple one, but what *though*?" RITSON.

⁶ — nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? &c. } The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, O be some other name!

Belonging to a man.

What's in a name, &c.

[*Belonging*, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it: the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments. MALONE.

For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote—

By any other name⁶ would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.⁷

ROM. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
 in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance,⁸ yet I know the sound;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

⁶ *Longing to man &c.*

The same elision occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. IX.
 p. 385:

“ Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 “ As *'longeth* to a lover's blessed case.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *By any other name* —] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the
 subsequent ancient copies read—*By any other word*. MALONE.

⁷ *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have*.

⁸ *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The
 subsequent ancient copies read—*of thy tongue's uttering*. We meet
 with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in
King Edward III. a tragedy, 1596:

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
 “ *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*” MALONE.

ROM. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.¹

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;²

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.³

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords;⁴ look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

¹ *Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.*] Thus the original copy: The subsequent ancient copies read—*fair maid*. “If either thee dislike” was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, *it likes me well*; for it pleases me well. MALONE.

Dislike here means *displease*. M. MASON.

² *With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;*] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
“So light he wox, he leap'd the wall, and there he spy'd his wife,
“Who in the window watch'd the coming of her lord,—.”

MALONE.

³ —no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet*:

“By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.”

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no stop to me. MALONE.

⁴ —there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords;] Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill*:

“The lady may command, sir;

“She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

STEEVENS.

JUL. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;⁵

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:⁶
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.⁷

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

⁵ ——— from their sight;] So the first quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their eyes. MALONE.

⁶ And, but thou love me, let them find me here:] And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that "*but thou love me,*" means, *unless thou love me*; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if he be but secure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her love. But, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old English the meaning which Mr. M. Mason would here affix to it.

MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"But being charg'd, we will be still by land."

See Vol. XVIII. p. 378, n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁷ Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.] The common acceptation of *prorogue*, is to *postpone* to a distant time, which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to represent life without her as a continual death.

"Death's life with thee, without thee *death to live*."

M. MASON.

Than death prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So, in A& IV. sc. i:

"I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

"On thursday next be married to this county."

MALONE.

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!⁸
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.⁹
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware;

⁸ — *farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms.
M. MASON.

⁹ — *cunning to be strange*] *Cunning* is the reading of the
quarto, 1597, and I have restored it.

To be strange, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So,
in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the fashion in Padua to be so
strange with your friends?"

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. III. p. 327:

"I pray ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me."
STEEVENS.

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*.
MALONE.

My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,²—

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by ?

JUL. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.³ Sweet, good night !⁴

² — moon —

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,] This image struck Pope :

“ The moon-beam trembling falls,

“ And tips with silver all the walls.” *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated simile on the Moon at the conclusion of the eighth book of the Iliad :

“ And tips with silver ev'ry mountain's head.”

HOLT WHITE.

³ *Ere one can say—It lightens.*] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

“ — lightning ceaselessly to burn,

“ Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

“ And being gone, doth suddenly return

“ Ere you could say precisely what it was.”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604.

MALONE.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?⁵

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

ROM. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

⁴ — Sweet, good night!] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEVENS.

⁵ *What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?*] Here Juliet seemeth as if she meant to promise (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in some future instance, that satisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their present distance from each other. AMNLR.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,⁶
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee,—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit,⁷ and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

⁶ *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragical History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“ — if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,

“ If wedlock be the end and mark which your desire hath found,

“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“ The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,

“ Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,

“ And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake:

“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit

“ You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,

“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseech,

“ To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes.”

MALONE.

⁷ *To cease thy suit,*] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—*thy strife*. MALONE.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JUL. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again! *

* To lure this tassel-gentle back again!} The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Book of Falconry*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

“ ——— then for an evening flight,

“ A *tiercel-gentle*.”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression, “ ——— By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. iv:

“ Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,

“ Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd of and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true measures of blowing*, is the following passage:

“ The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave⁹ where echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest musick to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo!

ROM. My sweet!²

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

ROM. At the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

For a PRINCE.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and these are for a prince." MALONE.

⁹ —tear *the* cave—] This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton:

"A shout that *tore* hell's *concave*—" STEEVENS.

² My *sweet*!] Mr. Malone reads —*Madam*, and justifies his choice by the following note. STEEVENS.

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. MALONE.

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurse*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow. STEEVENS.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.
Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would, I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
forrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.³ [Exit.

³ Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto,
1597 except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and
the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghostly frier's close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. MALONE.

S C E N E III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.*

FRI. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night.⁴

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darknefs⁵ like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:⁶

⁴ *The grey-ey'd morn &c.*] These four lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPP.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And flecked darknefs—*] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says :

"All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,

"They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*."

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th Æneid :

"Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine."

The same image occurs also in *Much ado about Nothing*, A & V. sc. iii :

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey."

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in Scotland, where "a *flecked* cow" is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*. MALONE.

⁶ *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:*] So, in Jocasta's address to the sun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides ;

Ω τὴν ἐν ἀστροῖς ἔραν TEMNΩΝ ΟΔΩΝ.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,⁷
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.⁸

Mr. Malone reads —

“ From forth day's *path*, and Titan's fiery wheels.”

STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—
burning wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio:

From forth day's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated second folio. It is easy to understand how darkness might reel “ from forth day's path-way,” &c. but what is meant by—*forth* “ Titan's fiery wheels?” a man may stagger out of a path, but not out of a wheel.

STEEVENS.

These lines are thus quoted in *England's Parnassus, or the choyssest Flowers of our Modern Poets* &c. 1600:

“ The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
“ Cheering the easterne cloudes with *streames* of light;
“ And *darknesse fled*, like a drunkard reeles
“ From forth daye's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.”

So that the various reading in the last line does not originate in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the second folio, as the ingenious commentator supposes. HOLT WHITE.

⁷ *I must up-fill this osier cage of ours, &c.]* So, in the 13th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
“ In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
“ Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
“ And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* small,
“ Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
“ He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

⁸ —and *precious-juiced flowers.]* Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Lawrence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;¹
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace,² that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,³
 But to the earth⁴ some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower⁵
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

In the passage before us Shakspeare had the poem in his thoughts:

"But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—
 "What force the *stones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,
 "And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
 "With care I have sought out, with pain I did them prove."

MALONE.

¹ *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;]*

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

Lucretius.

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

Milton.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"—Time's the king of men,

"For *he's* their parent, and *he is* their grave." MALONE.

² ——— powerful grace,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

³ For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,] The quarto, 1597, reads:

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— to the earth ———] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth.

MALONE.

⁵ ——— of this small flower —] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

For this, being smelt, with that part⁶ cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man⁷ as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

And, where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.⁸

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Good morrow, father!

FRI.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

⁶ ——— *with that part* —] i. e. with the part which smells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

⁷ *Two such opposed foes encamp them still*

In man ———] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

“Peace hath three *foes* encamped in our breasts,

“Ambition, wrath, and envie.——” STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“—— terror, and dear modesty,

“*Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*”

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such opposed *kings*.—Our author has more than once alluded to these *opposed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.

So, in *Othello*:

“Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side.”

Again, in his 44th Sonnet:

“To win me soon to hell, my female evil

“Tempteth my *better angel* from my side:

“Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,

“Till my *bad angel* fire my good one out.” MALONE.

⁸ *Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.*] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:

“A vengeful *canker* eat him up to death.” MALONE.

VOL. XXI,

H



Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:⁹
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRI. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRI. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

ROM. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy:
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded? both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies:²
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRI. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

⁹ ——— *with unstuff'd brain &c.*] The copy, 1597, reads:

——— *with unstuff'd brains*

Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines.

STEEVENS.

² ——— *both our remedies*

Within thy help and holyp hysick lies:] This is one of the passages in which our author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

M. MASON.

See Vol. XIX. p. 73, n. 8. MALONE.

ROM. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

FRI. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their heart, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRI. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROM. And bad'st me bury love.

FRI. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROM. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so,

FRI. O, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.²
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.³
 ROM. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.⁴
 FRI. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run
 fast. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
 Came he not home to-night?

BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MER. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
 that Rosaline,
 Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

² ——— and *could not spell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not spell.

I mention these minute variations only to show, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. MALONE.

³ The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *I stand on sudden haste.*] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty. So, in *King Richard III*:

“———it stands me much upon,

“To stop all hopes” &c. STEEVENS.

MER. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! flabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;⁵ And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats,⁶ I can tell you.⁷

⁵ — *the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Then she will get the upshot, by cleaving of the pin.”

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. VII. p. 254.—A *butt-shaft* was the kind of arrow used in shooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“They have shot two arrows without heads,

“They cannot flick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,

“And I'll cleave the black *pin* i' the midst of the *white*.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

“Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave.”

MALONE.

⁶ *More than prince of cats*,] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“—tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats.”

Again in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

“—not *Tibalt* prince of cats,” &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that these speeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus:

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats?

Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments &c.

M. MASON.

⁷ — *I can tell you*,] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.⁷ He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;⁸ rests me his minim rest,⁹ one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,² a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:³ Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!⁴—

⁷ ——— *courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of pundilio:

“A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“Have chose as umpire;”

says our author of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *keeps time, distance, and proportion;*] So Ben Jonson's *Bobadil*:

“Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *his minim rest,*] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

² ——— *the very butcher of a silk button,*] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:*] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act. V. sc. vi.

WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. “A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first* and *second cause*,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“—— a gentleman's gone then;

“A gentleman of the *first house*; there's the end of't.”

MALONE.

⁴ ——— *the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it, used

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes;⁵ these new tuners of accents! — By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,⁶ that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,⁷ who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?⁸ O, their *bons*, their *bons*!⁹

when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha*! JOHNSON.

⁵ — affecting fantasticoes;] Thus the oldest copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios &c. read—*phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's,” &c. Again, in Decker's *Comedy of Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes, convers'd with humorists,” &c. STEEVENS.

Fantasticoes is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*.

MALONE.

⁶ Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober time were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

⁷ — these *pardonnez-moy's*,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have — these *pardon-mees*, not, these *pardon nez-mois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity. MALONE.

If the French phrase be not substituted for the English one, where lies the ridicule designed by Mercutio? “Their *bons*, their *bons*,” immediately following, shows that Gallic phraseology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

“Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez-moy*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — stand so much on the new form, that thy cannot sit at ease on the old bench?] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura,
to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry,
she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a
dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero,
hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,*

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& I. sc. i:—"sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

* O, *their bons, their bons!*] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O, *their bon's! their bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described *them* before:

"—a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, *their bones, their bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." MALONE.

* — *Thisbé, a grey eye or so,*] He means to allow that Thisbé had a very fine eye: for from various passages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue eye*. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*;

"Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

"Under these windows: white and *azure* lac'd;

"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French flop,³ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip;⁴ Can you not conceive?

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says, "I will give out divers schedules of my beauty:—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says,

"Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine."

And Chaucer has the same comparison:

"—hire eyes gray as glas."

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. MALONE.

If grey eyes signified blue eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, should have styled Sycorax a—blue-eyed hag, instead of a grey-eyed one? See Vol. IV. p. 32; and Vol. XIX. p. 284, n. 4. STEEVENS.

³ —your French flop.] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trousers, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 274, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ —What counterfeit &c.?

Mer. *The slip, sir, the slip;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slip*." *Thieves falling out, True men come by their Goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again,

"I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* flur'd on me,

"A counterfeit." *Magnetick Lady*, A& III. sc. vi

Other instances may be seen in Doddsley's Old Plays, Vol. V. p. 396. edit. 1780. REED.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598;

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to court'sy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.⁵

MER. Well said:⁶ Follow me this jest now, till

“ Is not he fond then which a *slip* receives

“ For current money? She which thee deceaves

“ With copper guilt, is but a *slip* — —.”

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* no date, that a *slip* was “ a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*.” p. 281.

STEEVENS.

The *slip* is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: “ *Clown*. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you the *slip* for it.” [*Exit*.] MALONE.

⁵ ——— then is my pump well flower'd.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wrote *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.

JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any flowers. Other So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614: “ Every masker's pump was fasten'd with a flower suitable to his cap.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Well said:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and

thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest,⁷ solely singular for the singleness!

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.⁸

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;⁹ for thou hast more of the wild-goose

the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit*! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XVIII. p. 265, n. 5. MALONE.

By *sure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark. STEEVENS.

⁷ O single-soled jest,] i. e. flight, unsolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewise in Hall's Second Book of Satires:

“ And scorne contempt it selfe that doth excite

“ Each *single-fold* squire to set you at so light.”

Again, in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, we meet with “ a *single-sole* fidler.” STEEVENS.

This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible: and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's Description of Ireland, p. 23:—“ which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such *single-sole* kings as were at those daies in Ireland.” MALONE.

⁸ — my wits fail,] Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599 and the folio,—my wits faints. STEEVENS.

⁹ — if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *will-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in *Chambers's Dictionary* last edition under the article CHACE.

in one of thy wits, than I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear² for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.³

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;⁴ it is a most sharp fauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

This barbarous sport is enumerated by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen. "Riding of great horses, running at ring, tilts and tournaments, horse races, *wild-goose chases*, are the disports of great men." p. 266. edit. 1632. fol.

This account explains the pleasantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail, says Mercutio."—Romeo exclaims briskly—"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs."—To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chase*." &c. HOLT WHITE.

² *I will bite thee by the ear* —] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"Slave, I could bite thine ear." STEEVENS.

³ — *good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *very bitter sweeting;*] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"— as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"— what, in displeasure gone!

"And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?"

Again, in Gower, *De confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174. b:

"For all such tyme of love is lore,

"And like unto the *bitter swete*;

"For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,

"He shall well felen at laste

"That it is sower," &c. STEEVENS.

MER. O, here's a wit of cheverel,⁵ that stretcheth from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROM. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.*

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.⁶

BEN. Stop there, stop there.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.⁷

BEN. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

⁵ — a wit of cheverel,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.
JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Maids of More-clack*, 1609:

“ Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
“ Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation.”

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

“ A *cheverell* conscience, and a searching wit.” STEEVENS.

Cheverill is from *chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

* — proves thee far and wide a *broad* goose.] To afford some meaning to this poor but intended witticism, Dr. Farmer would read — “ proves thee far and wide *abroad*, goose.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — to hide his bauble in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. Vol. IX. p. 162. n. 6. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629: “ For such rich widows there love *court* fools, and use to play with their *baubles*.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“ And as stark an idiot as ever bare *bauble*.”

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

⁷ — against the hair.] *A contrepail*; Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use — “ against the grain.” See Vol. V. p. 97, n. 5; and Vol. XII. p. 355, n. 2. STEEVENS.

I opine, that the commentators, in the present instance, have eschewed to seek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuto silentio merces*, saith the Roman adage. AMNER.

MER. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.⁸

ROM. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

MER. A fail, a fail,⁹ a fail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.²

MER. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den,³ fair gentlewoman.

⁸ ——— to occupy the argument no longer.] Here we have another wanton allusion. See Vol. XIII. p. 86, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ Mer. *A fail, a fail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo. MALONE.

² *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. want an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan, &c. STEEVENS.

³ *Good ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even, sir." STEEVENS.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial⁴ is now upon the prick of noon.⁵

NURSE. Out upon you! what a man are you?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROM. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well.

MER. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will indite him to some supper.

⁴ — hand of the dial &c.] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "— the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon." STEEVENS.

⁵ — the prick of noon.] I marvel much that mine associates in the task of expounding the darker phrases of Shakspeare, should have overlooked this, which also hath already occurred in *King Henry VI.* P. III. A&I. sc. iv:

"And made an evening at the noon-tide prick."

Prick meaneth point, i. e. *punctum*, a note of distinction in writing a stop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Characterie, or an Arte of shorte &c. writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588: "If the worde, by reason of tence ende in ed, as, I loved, then make a prick in the character of the word, on the left side."—Again, "The present tence wanteth a *pricke*, and so is knowen from other tences."—Again, "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *prickes* under the bodie of the character," &c. AMNER.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROM. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, fir;⁶ unless a hare, fir, in a lentin pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,⁷
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.⁸ [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

⁶ *No hare, fir;]* Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

So ho! is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is *started.* A. C.

⁷ *An old hare hoar,]* *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennylesse's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "— as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" — mice and rats

" Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot

" Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands." STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this stage direction: "*He walks between them, [i. e. the nurse and Peter,] and sings.*" MALONE.

⁸ — lady, lady, lady.] The burthen of an old song. See Vol. V. p. 276, n. 5. STEEVENS.

NURSE. Marry, farewell!⁹—I pray you, sir, what faucy merchant was this,² that was so full of his ropery?³

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:⁴—And thou

⁹ Marry, farewell!] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

² — what faucy merchant was this, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in *Churchyard's Chance*, 1580:

“What *fausie marchaunt* speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage.”

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIV. p. 59, n. 2. MALONE.

³ — of this ropery?] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*.”

Rope-tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 250, n. 5. MALONE.

⁴ — none of his skains-mates.] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

must stand by too, 'and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,⁵ it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and,

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having “a little *skeine* tied in a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

Skein is the Irish word for a knife.

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“—with this frantick and untamed passion,

“To whet their *skeins*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. V. chap. xxvi:

“And hidden *skeines* from underneath their forged garments drew.”

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes the Nurse uses *skeins-mates* for *kins mates*, and *ropery* for *roguery*. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,] So, in *A Handfull of pleasant delightes, containing sundry new sonets*, &c. 1584:

“When they see they may her win,

“They leave then where they did begin:

“They prate, and make the matter nice,

“And leave her in *fooles paradise*.” MALONE.

therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir, —that you do protest;⁶ which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.⁷

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

⁶ — *protest*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Here is for thy pains*.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vicrowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

"And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he;—and so adieu." MALONE.

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;⁷
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy⁸
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark
you, fir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?⁹

ROM. I warrant thee;² my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest
lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating
thing,³—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris,

⁷ ——— *like a tackled stair*:] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

⁸ ——— *top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers: among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607:

“ ——— beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606:

“ ——— that, vailing *top-gallant*, she returned,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Two may keep counsel*, &c.] This proverb, with a slight variation, has been already introduced in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

² *I warrant thee*;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ *Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest lady* — Lord, lord! — *when 'twas a little prating thing*.] So, in the poem:

“ And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell,

“ A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young;

“ Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,”
&c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?⁴

ROM. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:⁵ and she hath the prettiest sententious

⁴ *Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this question the nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleasant Delites*, &c. 1584:

“ Rosemary is for remembrance,
“ Betweene us daie and night,
“ Wishing that I might alwaies have
“ You present in my sight.”

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:

“ There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.”

That rosemary was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634:
“ I meet few but are fluck with rosemary; every one ask'd me, who was to be married?” Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604:
“ What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *rosemary*, and *nose-gaies*? What, a wedding?” MALONE.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here imputed to her question. STEEVENS.

⁵ Nurse. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.* &c.] It is a little mortifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

“ — spissis indigna theatris

“ Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.”

of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating silly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is R. yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, R in schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says *R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound*.

“Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” *Lucil.*
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee*? STEEVENS.

I believe we should read—R is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1578:

“This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
“Nought els foundeth but the hoorse letter R.
“Though all be well, yet he none aunswere bath
“Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar.”

STEEVENS.

Erasmus in explaining the adage “*canina facundia*,” says, “*R. litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*” I think it is used in this sense more than once in *Rabelais*: and in *The Alchemist* Subtle says, in making out Abel Druggier's name, “And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*.” DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly superior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee*? no;) or one formerly proposed by Dr. Johnson (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter. RITSON.

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name.

MALONE.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.⁶
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send
the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,⁷

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills:

⁶ *Peter, Take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies instead of these words have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This custom of having a *fan-carrier* is also mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

“——doe you beare, good man;

“Now give me pearle, and carry you my fan.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *——should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,

What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto, too valuable to be lost. He has therefore inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary in Act V:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love.
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why
 look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.⁸

NURSE. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
 Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!⁹

“As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

“Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.” STREEVENS.

* *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news*

By playing it to me with so sour a face.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——needs so tart a favour,

“To trumpet such good tidings!”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“——if it be summer-news,

“Smile to it before.”

* — *What a jaunt have I had?*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

— what a jaunce have I had!

JUL. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no; But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *King Richard II* :

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.”

MALONE.

^a *No, no: But all this did I know before:*

What says he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet* 1562 :

“ Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“ But of our marriage, say at once what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

NURSE. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JUL. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

NURSE.

O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aking bone?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, fare-
well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.^b

FRI. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

^b This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

Rom. This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,
And consummate those never-parting bands,
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come she will.

Friar. I guess she will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes?—
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,⁴
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives⁵ as tardy as too slow.

Jul. I am (if I be day)

Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

Friar Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;

Defer embracements to some fitter time;

Part for a time, "you shall not be alone,

"Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;

Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.

[*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

⁴ *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's
Rape of Lucrece:

"These violent vanities can never last." MALONE.

⁵ *Too swift arrives* ——] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady : ⁶—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossomers ⁷
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

JUL. as much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

⁶ *Here comes the lady : &c.]* However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

⁷ *A lover may bestride the gossomers—]* The *Gossamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes :

“ Fine as Arachne's web, or gossamer

“ Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

“ Like that spun vapour, when 'tis pearl'd with dew ?”

See Vol. XX. p. 490, n. 2. STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616 : “ *Gossamer*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre.” MALONE.

JUL. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,⁸

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their worth;⁹

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.¹⁰

FRI. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ Conceit, more rich &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“—which the conceited painter drew so proud,” &c.

See Vol. XV. p. 373, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus in the title-page to the first quarto edit. of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy” &c.

Again, in the title &c. to *King Henry IV.* P. I. quarto, 1599:

“—with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe—.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“There’s beggary in the love that can be reckon’d.”

See Vol. XVIII. p. 173, n. 7. STEEVENS.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “I were but little happy, if I could say how much.” MALONE.

¹⁰ *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:

I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot,³ the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there
is no need.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

³ *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is said, "And commonly every yeere or each second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counsell chooseth out," &c.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarelling!⁴

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? O simple!⁵

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.⁶—
Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

⁴ ——— *thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.* The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—*Thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.*

MALONE.

⁵ *An I were so apt &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Follow me close, for I will speak to them.*] In the original

MER. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BEN. We talk here in the publick haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes *a Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo. STEEVENS.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, fir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,⁷ can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
*A la stoccata*⁸ carries it away.— [Draws.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What would'st thou have with me?

MER. Good king of cats,⁹ nothing, but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal,
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest
of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of

⁷ ——— *the hate I bear thee,*] So the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the *love*, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *A la stoccata* ———] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“He makes a thrust; I with a swift passado

“Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 101, n. 6.

MALONE.

his pilcher by the ears?⁴ make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you. [drawing.

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, fir, your passado. [They fight.

ROM. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.

MER. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[Exit Page.

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

⁴ Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again,

“ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics.”

It appears from this passage, that Ben Jonson acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old Ben is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.⁵ I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

⁵ ——— *a grave man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o'both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houses!

STEEVENS.

“You shall find me *a grave man*.” This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

“My master *Chaucer*, now is *grave*.” FARMER.

We meet with the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *scull*, and observes:

“—she has a somewhat *grave* look with her.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: “At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still *a grave* drunkard.” MALONE.

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation slain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.⁶

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds.⁷
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;⁸
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive! in triumph!⁹ and Mercutio slain!

⁶ ——— soften'd *valour's steel*.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— When *steel* grows

“ *Soft* as the parasite's silk —.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— *hath aspir'd the clouds*,] So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*, 1608:

“ Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*.”

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,

“ And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.” MALONE.

⁸ *This day's black fate on more days doth depend*;] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Alive! in triumph!* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the subsequent ancient copies was made—He *gone*, &c.

MALONE.

Away to heaven, respective lenity,⁹
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!² —
 Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
 him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that.
 [*They fight; TYBALT falls.*

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: —
 Stand not amaz'd;³ — the prince will doom thee
 death,

If thou art taken: — hence! — be gone! — away!

ROM. O! I am fortune's fool!⁴

BEN. Why dost thou stay?
 [*Exit ROMEO.*

⁹ — — *respective lenity,*] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ *Respect* and reason well beseem the sage.” MALONE.

² *And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

“ Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

“ Must be my *conduct* in the secret night.”

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599 *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. MALONE.

³ *Stand not amaz'd:*] i. e. confounded, in a state of confusion. So, in *Cymbeline*: “ I am *amaz'd* with matter.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XX p. 121, n. 2. STEEVENS.

In the first copy, *O! I am fortune's slave.* STEEVENS.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1. CIT. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lies that Tybalt.

1. CIT. Up, fir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and Others.*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
child!

Unhappy fight: ah *me*, the blood is spill'd⁵
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,⁶
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

⁵ *Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd —*] The pronoun—
me, has been inserted by the recommendation of the following note.
STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1597, reads:

Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is spill'd —.

The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, have:

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word
me was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy fight! ah *me*, the blood is spill'd, &c. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *as thou art true,*] As thou art *just* and *upright*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ And if King Edward be as *true* and *just*, —.” STEEVENS.

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice the quarrel⁷ was, and urg'd withal⁸
 Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
 bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
 tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LA. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false,⁹ he speaks not true:

⁷ *How nice the quarrel*—] *How slight, how unimportant, how petty.* So, in the last act,

“The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

“Of dear import.” JOHNSON.

See also Vol. XVIII. p. 351, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ — and urg'd withal—] The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRIN. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MON. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRIN. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,²
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,³
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

² — in your hates' proceeding,] This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads — *hearts proceeding*; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

³ Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

⁴ Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.] So, in Hale's

S C E N E II.

*A Room in Capulet's house.**Enter JULIET.*

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; ⁵ such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. ⁶ —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; ⁷ and Romeo

Memorials: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his speech with these words:

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;
Mercy to all but murderers, — pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

See Vol. VI. p. 65, n. 8. STEEVENS.

⁵ Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

Towards Phœbus' mansion; &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,

"And dusky night in rusty iron car;

"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

"That I may see that most desired day." MALONE.

— *Phœbus' mansion;]* The second quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

⁶ — *immediately.]* Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*

That run-away's eyes may wink; &c.] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have slept? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

"— Come, feeling night,

"Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phæbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“For the close night doth play the *run-away*.” WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *runaway*.” MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or,

That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that for oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, A& III. sc. vi:

“*That ever I should call thee cast-away!*”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, A& IV. sc. ii. “*Mal. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.*”

“*Clo. Well-a-day. — That you were, sir!*” i. e. *Oh that you were!* Again, in *Timon*, A& IV:

“*That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,*

“*Should yet be hungry!*”

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

“*Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!*”

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The eyes of night are the stars, so called in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms the night a *run-away* in *The Merchant of Venice*: and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

“*The night hath play'd the swift-foot run-away.*”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*:

“*— night hath many eyes,*

“*Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.*”

STEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pro-

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: ⁹ or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,^a
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood ³ bating in my cheeks,

noun *isla*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures:

“ That run-away eyes may wink, and Romeo

“ Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

⁹ *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

By their own beauties:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“ — dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read — *And by their own beauties*. In the text the undated quarto has been followed.

MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakespeare:

“ Virtue could see to do what virtue would,

“ By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

“ Were in the flat sea sunk.” STEEVENS.

^a — *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 251, n. 8. STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ — my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

“ Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.” MALONE.

³ — *unmann'd blood* —] Blood yet unacquainted with man.
 JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

“ A hawk yet half so baggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled *Prettie Comparisons wittily ground-ed, &c*:

“ Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,

“ Or like a *hide* before 'tis *tan'd*.”

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,⁴

Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night! — Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.⁵ —

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,⁶

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,⁷

Take him and cut him out in little stars,⁸

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, "It is called *bating*, for she *bate*th with herselfe most often causelesse."

STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 322, n. 4. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it possibly see the object of its pursuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was dismissed. See Vol. XIII. p. 394, n. 2. STEEVENS.

⁴ — grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

⁵ *Whiter than new snow on a raven's back*.] The quarto 1599, and the folio—*upon*. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on a raven's back*; and so, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *black-brow'd night*,] So, in *King John*:

"Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *when he shall die*,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—*when I shall die*. MALONE.

⁸ *Take him and cut him out in little stars*, &c.] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596:

"The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,

"Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres;

"And fixe them there as an eternal light,

"For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

JUL. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

NURSE. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone! —

Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JUL. Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: — O Romeo! Romeo! —
Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

JUL. What devil art thou; that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,²

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:³

² ——— *say thou but I,*] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed,) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

³ ——— *death darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. XIV. p. 266, n. 9, and p. 282, n. 4. MALONE.

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,

Or these eyes *shot*, that make thee answer *I*.

If he be slain, say — *I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

—— that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,

Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, *I*.

I am not *I*, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shot* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

I am not I, if there be such an I;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
 If he be slain, say — I; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
 eyes, —

God save the mark! ⁴ — here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood; — I swooned at the sight.

JUL. O break, my heart; — poor bankrupt, break
 at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JUL. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? ⁵ —
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

“ And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. See note on that passage. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read,

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!⁶
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven!⁷ wolvisb-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

⁶ *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

“ — look like the innocent flower,

“ But be the serpent under it.” HENLEY.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?] So, in *King John*:

“ Ralh, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

“ With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

⁷ *Dove-feather'd raven! &c.*] In old editions,

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.

The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

Wolvisb-ravening lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb-rav'ning lamb!

THEOBALD.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolvisb-ravening lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned faint,⁸ an honourable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 Was ever book, containig such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE.

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
 old.⁹

Shame come to Romeo!

JUL.

Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit!²
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
 your cousin?

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

⁸ *A damned faint,*] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the first folio *dimme*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

⁹ *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.” MALONE.

² *Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 223: “Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelineffe, disloyaltie and treason may have their sledge and lodging?” The image of shame *sitting* on the brow, is not in the poem. STEEVENS.

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,³

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?⁴—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears,⁵ back to your native spring;

³ — *what tongue shall smooth thy name,*] To smooth in ancient language, is to stroke, to caress, to fondle. So, in *Pericles*: “Seem'd not to strike, but smooth.” See Vol. XX. p. 41, n. 8. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,*
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

“Ah cruel murd'ring tongue, murderer of others' fame,
“How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?”
“Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,
“For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
“Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?
“Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
“Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?
“What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky?
“Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,
“That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong.” MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*: “Where from henceforth shall be his refuge? Sith she, which ought to be the only bulwarke and affined repaire of his distresse, doth persue and defame him.” HENDERSON.

⁵ *Back, foolish tears,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“— I am a fool

“To weep at what I am glad of.” STEEVENS.

“Back,” says she, “to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep? MALONE.

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.⁵ Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,⁶
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?"

⁵ *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right; for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not out of her mind.

M. MASON.

⁶ —four woe delights in fellowship,] Thus the Latin hexameter: (I know not whence it comes)

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

"As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

"When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship."

MALONE.

⁷ *Which modern lamentation &c.*] This line is left out of the

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe
 sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
 bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you,—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JUL. O find him! give this ring to my true
 knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that
 Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was in
 his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

It means only *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like it*:

“Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 236, n. 9. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 72, n. 9. MALONE.

S C E N E III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE, and ROMEO.*

FRI. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRI. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such foul company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

FRI. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

FRI. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banish'd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment^s

^s ——— then banishment —] The quarto 1599, and the folio,
read—then *banished*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas
Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy,⁹ and thou see'st it not.

ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo:² they may seize

⁹ *This is dear mercy.*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—*This is mere mercy.* MALONE.

Mere mercy, in ancient language, signifies *absolute mercy*. So, in *Othello*:

“The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“——to the *mere* undoing

“Of all the kingdom.” STEEVENS.

² —— *More validity,*

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth or dignity*: and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

Validity is employed to signify *worth or value*, in the first scene of *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover: that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or *wooes* a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines:

“——they may seize

“On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“And steal immortal blessing from her lips;—

“*Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,³
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:⁴
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?⁵
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
 knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

FRI. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
 a word.⁶

³ *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,*] This and the next line are not in the first copy. MALONE.

⁴ *But Romeo may not; he is banished:*] This line has been very awkwardly introduced in the modern as well as ancient copies, and might better be inserted after—*their own kisses sin.* STEEVENS.

This line in the original copy immediately follows—"And steal immortal blessing from her lips." The two lines. *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical: the line therefore, *But Romeo may not, &c.* undoubtedly ought to follow those two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—*is not death.* MALONE.

⁵ *They are free men, but I am banished.*

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?] These two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

⁶ *Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.*] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

Then fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

The folio:

Then fond mad man, hear me speak. MALONE.

ROM. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.⁷

ROM. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

FRI. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

FRI. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.⁸

ROM. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,⁹

⁷ *Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy!*

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the friar says,

“Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,

“But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.”

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “Thou sayest *banishment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with sweet sawces, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy *exile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable.” MALONE.

⁸ *Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.*] The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—— can he speak? hear?

“Know man from man? *dispute his own estate?*”

i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in? STEEVENS.

⁹ *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
 thy hair,^a

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

FRI. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
 thyself. [Knocking within.]

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
 groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

FRI. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
 Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[Knocking.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness^b is this?—I come, I come. [Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
 your will?

NURSE. [within.] Let me come in, and you
 shall know my errand;

Wert thou as young as Juliet my love.

I only mention this to show the very high value of the early
 quarto editions. MALONE.

^a ——— then might'st thou tear thy hair,] So, in the poem :

“ These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he rare,

“ And like a frautick man hath torn the garments that he
 ware.—

“ He riseth oft, and strikes his head against the walls;

“ He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he calls.”

MALONE.

^b What wilfulness ———] Thus the quarto 1567. That of 1599,
 and the folio, have—What simpleness. MALONE.

I come from lady Juliet.

FRI.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

FRI. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!⁴

NURSE. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse!

NURSE. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end
of all.

ROM. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?⁵

⁴ *O woeful sympathy!*

Piteous predicament! } The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the *Friar*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *cancell'd love?* } The folio reads — *conceal'd love*. JOHNSON.

NURSE. O, she says nothing, fir, but weeps and weeps !

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[drawing his sword.]*

FRI. Hold thy desperate hand ;
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; ⁶ thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, ⁷ in a seeming man !

The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So that the sense is, my lady whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

⁶ *Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;*

Thy tears are womanish ;] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original :

“ *Art thou, quoth he, a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;*

“ *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

“ *For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,*

“ *And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed ;*

“ *So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,*

“ *If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.*”

Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

MALONE.

⁷ *Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

A person who seemed both man and woman, would be a monster, and of course an ill-beseeming beast. This is all the friar meant to express. M. MASON.

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
 Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,⁸
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
 earth?⁹

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man:
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

⁸ *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,*] Thus the first copy.
 The quarto 1599, and the folio, have —

And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives. MALONE.

My copy of the first folio reads:

And slay thy lady that in thy life lies. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo
 has not here raised on his birth, &c. though in his interview with
 the friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so:

“First *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,

“In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so
 rife:

“The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;

“He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*. —

“On fortune eke he *rail'd*.”

Shakespeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without review-
 ing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen
 into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes
 deserting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c. to — thy own defence*, are not in
 the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem:

“Why cry'st thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?”

“Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou
 hate?” &c. MALONE.

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,²
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.³
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou flew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:⁴
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love;⁵

² *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

“ When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

“ And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

³ *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

⁴ — — *there art thou happy too:*] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It should not be concealed, that the reading of the *second folio* corresponds with that of the *first quarto*:

— — there art thou happy *too* — —. STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions; a sufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the result of ignorance or caprice. RITSON.

⁵ *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.⁶

NURSE. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit Nurse.

ROM. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

“Thou *puttest* up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *pouts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands:

Thou *frown'st* upon thy fate, that smiles on thee.

MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus*:

“————— then

“We *pout* upon the morning,—.”

See Vol. XVII. p. 404. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

FRI. Go hence: Good night; ⁷ and here stands
all your state; ⁸—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.⁹

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

CAP. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

⁷ *Go hence: Good night; &c.]* These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

⁸ *— here stands all your state;]* The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

⁹ *SCENE IV.]* Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself so loosely, as to have been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. In the text these *unnecessary* verses, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:

To-night she's mew'd up² to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love;³ I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wednesday is too soon,

O' thursday let it be;—o' thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

* — mew'd up —] This is a phrase from falconry. A mew was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

“ — fully mew'd

“ From brown soar feathers —.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

“ And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up.” STEEVENS.

³ *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

Cf my child's love:] Desperate means only bold, adventurous, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600:

“ Witnes this desperate tender of mine honour.” STEEVENS.

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone:—O' thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.

Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

*Juliet's Chamber.*⁴

Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:⁵
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

⁴ SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is — “*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window.*” In the second quarto, “*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*” They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. III. MALONE.

⁵ *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: &c.*] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,
“ The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
“ When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,
“ In wonted sort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.

* * *

“ Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night
“ In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.



J. F. Rigaud pinx.

C. W. Bock Sculptsit.

SHAKSPEARE.
Romeo & Juliet.

ACT. III. SCEN V.

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:⁶
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

" But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose
" Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose:
" Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,
" A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—
" When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,
" When Phoebus from our hemisphere in western wave doth
 sink,
" What colour then the heavens do show unto thine eyes,
" The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies:
" As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
" With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing light.
" Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
" With friendly kifs, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight behold."
MALONE.

■⁶ Nightly *she sings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely
a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if
undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks
together. STEEVENS.

'Tis but the pale reflex⁷ of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay, than will to go;⁸—
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
 How is't, my foul? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division;⁹
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!²

⁷ — the pale reflex —] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I have more care to stay, than will to go;*] Would it not be better thus, *I have more will to stay, than care to go?* JOHNSON.

Care was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for inclination.

MALONE.

⁹ — sweet division;] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

“ With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

To run a *division*, is also a musical term. STEEVENS.

² *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark sings; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON.

Since arm from arm³ that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.⁴
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
ROM. More light and light? — more dark and
dark our woes.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme:

“ — To heav'n I'd fly,

“ But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.” JOHNSON.

Read chang'd eyes. M. MASON.

³ Since arm from arm &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may show the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

⁴ Hunting thee up with hunts-up to the day.] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muse.”

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599:

“ To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,

“ I'll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

“ — Make a noise, its no matter; any *huntsup* to waken vice.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th:

“ But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “ what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerset, proteſſour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*” RITSON.

A *huntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Reſveil*. MALONE.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit NURSE.*

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

ROMEO *descends.*

JUL. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!⁵

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.⁶

ROM. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:⁷

⁵ *Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!]* Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay husband, friend!

MALONE.

⁶ *O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]*

"Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epist. I.*

STEEVENS.

⁷ *O God! I have an ill-divining soul: &c.]* This miserable pre-

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead⁸ in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.⁹ Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith?² Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LA. CAP. [within,] Ho, daughter! are you up?

science of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

“ — my mind misgives,
“ Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
“ Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
“ From this night's revels.” STEEVENS.

⁸ O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead——] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
“ And fear doth teach it divination;
“ I prophecy thy death.”

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so low*. MALONE.

⁹ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb—“ Sorrow's dry.” STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their paleness. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence in the third part of *King Henry VI.* we have—“ blood-sucking sighs.”

MALONE.

See Vol. XXII. p. 290, n. 6. STEEVENS.

² That is renown'd for faith?] This Romeo, so renown'd for faith, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of course, to have every excellence. M. MASON.

JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?²
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?³

Enter Lady CAPULET.

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?⁴

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LA. CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

² *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

³ — procures her hither?] *Procures for brings.*

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.*] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;

“ Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

“ He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:

“ You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill;

“ It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.”

MALONE;

So full as appositely in *Painter's Novel*, “ Thinke no more upon the death of your cousin Thibault, whom do you thinke to revoke with teares,” &c.? STEEVENS.

JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.

JUL. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him!⁵ I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from⁶ the reach of these my
hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, —
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, —
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,⁷

⁵ *God pardon him!*] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Ay, madam, from &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

⁷ *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has — *That should, &c.* The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

— *unaccustom'd dram,*] In vulgar language, *shall* give him a *dram* which he is *not* used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation is the true one. Barnaby

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd : —
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him, —
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt⁸
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

LA. CAP. Find thou⁹ the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needful
time :

What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense :

“ And ever as we mounted up,
“ I lookte upon my wynges,
“ And prowde I was, me thought, to see
“ Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — my cousin Tybalt —] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ Find thou &c.] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

JUL. Madam, in happy time,² what day is that?

LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next thurfday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,³ at faint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JUL. Now, by faint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

² — in happy time,] *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

³ *The county Paris*,] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Conte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,

"Set in a marish, or high on a hill,

"And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,

"To bring the place subjecked to his will;

"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book VII. Stanza 90.

FARMER.

See p. 56-7. n. 5. MALONE.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;⁴

But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?⁵

⁴ *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read — the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed — the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* strongly supports that reading:

“But as the *earth* doth weep, the sun being set, —.”

MALONE.

When our author, in the *Midsummer-Nights Dream*, says:

“And when she [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;” he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles* dew. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to weep. STEEVENS.

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled* dew, is evident from other passages. So, in *King John*:

“Before the *dew* of evening fall.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“His *dews* fall every where.”

Again, in the same play:

“The *dews* of heaven fall thick in blessings on her.”

Again in *Hamlet*:

“*Dews* of blood fell.” RITSON.

⁵ *How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?*] In Thomas

Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAP. How now! how now, chop-logick!⁶ What
is this?

Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii. st. 40. 1609, there is the
same allusion:

"You should not let such high-priz'd moisture fall,
"Which from your hart your conduit-eyes distill."

HOLT-WHITE.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already
observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. See Vol. X. p. 189,
n. 5.

We have again the same image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
"Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling." MALONE.

⁶ — chop-logick!] This term, which hitherto has been divided

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you
not; —

And yet not proud; ⁷ — Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds;
But settle your fine joints 'gainst thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face! ⁸

LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what, — get thee to church o'thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The*
xxiii orders of Knaves, bl. l. no date, a nick-name.

“*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt
for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles
he wyll bydde the deuylls pater noster in scylence.”

In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell* &c. 1560 this
word also occurs:

“But you wyl *choplogyk*

“And be Bee-to-buffe,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And yet not proud; &c.*] This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of
Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these
terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt
no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste
and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the trans-
lator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas — *hedgebrat, cullien,*
and *tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567,
Mary Magdalen says to one of her attendants:

“*Hereson*, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?”

STEEVENS.

My fingersitch. — Wife, we scarce thought us blest'd,
That God had sent us ⁹ but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE. God in heaven blest her! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your goffips, go.

NURSE. I speak no treason.

CAP. O, God ye good den!

NURSE. May not one speak?

CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goffip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

LA. CAP. You are too hot.

CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad:^a Day,
night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided

⁹ — had sent us —] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. MALONE.

^a *God's bread!* &c.] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads:

God's *blessed mother*, wife, it makes me mad,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath been to *see* her match'd.

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

God's *bread*, it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To *have* her match'd, &c. MALONE.

A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer — *I'll not wed, — I cannot love,*³

³ — and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage, —

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer — I'll not wed, — I cannot love,] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,
 “ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee
 “ One of the greatest lords that wons about this town,
 “ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown; —
 “ — and yet thou playest in this case
 “ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl; for want of skill,
 “ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.
 “ Even by his strength I swear that first did give me life,
 “ And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my
 wife,
 “ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,
 “ And, at our castle call'd Freetown, thou freely do assent
 “ To county Paris suit, —
 “ Not only will I give all that I have away,
 “ From thee to those that shall me love, me honour and obey;
 “ But also to so close and to so hard a gale
 “ I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fail
 “ A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death: —
 “ Advise thee well, and say that thou art warn'd now,
 “ And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break my vow.”

There is a passage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a suitor, which she plucks back; on which her nurse says,

“ — She'll none, she thanks you, sir.
 “ Gripe. Will she none? why, how now, I say?
 “ What, you *powling*, peevish thing, you untoward *baggage*,
 “ Will you not be ruled by your father?
 “ *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this?*

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me; —
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with
 me;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?⁴
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies,⁵

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

JUL. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-
 vented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

- " And will you doe as you list?
- " Away, I say; hang, starve, beg, be gone;
- " Out of my sight! pack, I say:
- " Thou ne'er get'st a pennyworth of my goods for this.
- " Think on't, *I do not use to jest*:
- " Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake." MALONE.

⁴ *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?*] So, in *King John*, in
 two parts, 1591:

- " Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,
- " *To look into the bottom of these cares.*" MALONE.

⁵ *In that dim monument &c.*] The modern editors read *dun*
 monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and
 the folio. STEEVENS.

How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.⁶
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

⁶ 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.]

The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity.

STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

“ The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,
 “ And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;
 “ She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
 “ And eke she praiseth much to her the second marriage;
 “ And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more
 “ By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before:
 “ Paris shall dwell there still; Romeus shall not return;
 “ What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and
 mourn?” MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

Hath not so green,⁷ so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here⁸ and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. From my foul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

NURSE. To what?⁹

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

⁷ — *so green, — an eye,*] So the first editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*so keen.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrios*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

"His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn*:"
i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. sc. i:

"— oh vouchsafe,

"With that thy rare *green eye*," &c. — STEEVENS.

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to *Thilbé* in the last act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"These lily lips,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone! —

"His eyes were *green as leeks*." MALONE.

⁸ *As living here* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living* hence, that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify *in this world.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *To what?*] The syllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the measure, I have ventured to supply. When Juliet says—*Amen!* the Nurse might naturally ask her *to* which of the foregoing sentiments so solemn a formulary was subjoined. STEEVENS.

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[Exit.

JUL. Ancient damnation!⁹ O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

FRI. On thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PAR. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.²

⁹ *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

“—out, you *ancient damnation!*” STEEVENS.

² *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* It might be read:

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:
that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“And I am nothing *slack* to *slow* his haste.”
Back could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only

FRI. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PAR. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRI. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd.³

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

PAR. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste;* I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our author must answer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. XVIII. p. 392, n. 9. MALONE.

³ — *be flow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan:

“ — will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to *flow*!” STEEVENS.

JUL. What must be shall be.

FRI.

That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL. To answer that, were to confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you, that I love him.

PAR. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JUL. That is no slander, fir,⁴ that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?⁵

⁴ *That is no slander, fir, &c.*] Thus the first and second folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—That is no *wrong*, &c. and so leaves the measure defective. STEEVENS.

A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent copies, read:

That is no *slander*, fir, which is a truth.

The context shews that the alteration was not made by Shakespeare. MALONE.

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, necessary: besides, the reply of Paris justifies the reading in the text:

“Thy face is mine, and thou hast *slander'd* it.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*] Juliet means *vespers*.

FRI. My leisure serves me, penfive daughter,
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PAR. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.]

JUL. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past
help!

FRI. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thursday next be married to this county.

JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,⁶
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

There is no such thing as *evening mass*; which our author must necessarily have known, if, as there is some reason to believe, he had been bred a *Papist*. RITSON.

⁶ *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal:

“What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom?”

MALONE.

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire;⁷ arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art⁸
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRI. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry count Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;⁹
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me² with roaring bears;

⁷ *Shall play the umpire;*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *commission of thy years and art* —] *Commission* is for authority or power. JOHNSON.

⁹ *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of yonder tower;*] So, in *King Lear*, written before 1594:

“ Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

“ The highest turret in all Brittany,

“ And from the top leap headlong to the ground.”

MALONE.

— *of yonder tower;*] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—of any tower. STEEVENS.

² — *chain me &c.*]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,

Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;³
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRI. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me ——. STEEVENS.

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

MALONE.

³ And *hide* me with a dead man in his shroud;] In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his:

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*. MALONE.

It may be natural for the reader to ask by what evidence this positive assertion relative to the printer, is supported.

To creep under a *shroud*, and so be placed in close contact with a corpse, is surely a more terrifick idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. STEEVENS.

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial,⁴ being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour,⁵ which shall seize

⁴ *Take thou this phial, &c.] So, in The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet:*

- " Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,
- " And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,
- " Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
- " Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each vein
and limb
- " A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispread at length
- " On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly strength:
- " Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,
- " No pulse shall go, no heart once heave within thy hollow
breast;
- " But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance;
- " Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden
chance:
- " Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
- " Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar'd:
- " ——— where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
- " Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight,
- " Out of the tomb both he and I will take thee forth that night."

MALONE.

Thus, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237: "Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which-incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, will constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shall remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl hours at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellers your ancestors," &c. The number of hours during which the sleep of Juliet was to continue, is not mentioned in the poem. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *through all thy veins shall run*

A cold and drowsy humour, &c.] The first edition in 1597 has

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes;⁶ thy eyes' windows fall,⁷
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy slumber*," and a little lower, " *no sign of breath*," &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines; in the subsequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

⁶ *The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade*

To paly ashes;] It may be remarked, this image does not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's metrical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is founded. It may be met with, however, in *A dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593:

" Her colour changde, her cheerfull lookes

" And countenance wanted sprecete;

" To fallow ashes turnde the hue

" Of beauties blossomes sweete:

" And drery dulnesse had bespred

" The wearish bodie throw;

" Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse

" To do their dutie now.

" The blood forfooke the wonted course,

" And backward ganne retire;

" And left the limmes as cold and swarfe

" As coles that wastes with fire." STEEVENS.

To paly ashes;] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read — To many ashes, for which the editor of the second folio substituted — *mealy* ashes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V*:

" — and through their paly flames,

" Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former scene—" *Pale, pale as ashes* " MALONE.

⁷ — thy eyes' windows fall,] See Vol. XVIII. p. 444, n. 3.

MALONE.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep,
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,⁸
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking,⁹ and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;

⁸ *Then (as the manner of our country is,)*

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face uncovered, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“ Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

“ Borne to their church with open face upon the bier he lies,

“ In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—.”

MALONE.

Thus also Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*:

“ They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier—.” STEEVENS.

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepfit;

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— and he and I

Will watch thy waking,] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

If no unconstant toy,² nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.³

FRI. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant.

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.⁴

² *If no unconstant toy, &c.] If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.*

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear, Abate thy valour in the acting it.] These expressions are borrowed from the poem:

“ Cast off from thee at once the weed of womanish dread,

“ With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head:—

“ God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

“ That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!”

MALONE.

³ *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.] The old copies unmetrically read:*

Give me, give me! O tell me not &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—go hire me twenty cunning cooks.] Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests! Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 162.*

RITSON.

2. SERV. You shall have none ill, fir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

2. SERV. Merry, fir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:⁴ therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

CAP. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NUR. See, where she comes from shrift⁵ with merry look.

CAP. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?⁶

⁴ ——— lick his own fingers:] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:

“A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— from shrift —] i. e. from confession. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.”

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confession is personified:

“Now I pray you, *shrifte*, mother of salvacyon.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— gadding?] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the Blessed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. STEEVENS.

JUL. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love⁷ I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand
up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.⁸

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till thursday; there is time
enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

⁷ — *becomed love* —] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practise with our author. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *this reverend holy friar,*
All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*”

MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound *unto*. STEEVENS.

LA. CAP. We shall be short¹ in our provision;
 'Tis now near night.²

CAP. Tush! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
 I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
 They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.³

JUL. Ay those attires are best:—But, gentle
 nurse,

¹ *We shall be short——*] That is, we shall be defective.

JOHNSON.

² *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. Immediately afterwards she went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [*"Wednesday is to-morrow."*] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, "*'tis near night,*" and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. STEEVENS.

³ *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597 supplies the following short and simple dialogue:

Nurse. Come, come; what need you anie thing else?

Juliet. Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to my selfe.

Nurse. Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons⁴
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LA. CAP. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

JUL. Farewell!⁵—God knows, when we shall meet again.

⁴ *For I have need &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

“ Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day
“ Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to pray*
“ Unto the heavenly minds that dwell above the skies,
“ And order all the course of things as they can best devise,
“ That they so smile upon the doings of to-morrow,
“ That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;
“ Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*
“ But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
“ For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire—.”

MALONE.

⁵ *Farewell! &c.*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:⁶
 I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
 Nurse!—What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—
 What if this mixture do not work at all?⁷

⁶ *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:]* So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,

“ The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,

“ That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,

“ A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;

“ Right in the self same sort that she few days before

“ Had seen in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded fore.

“ Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,

“ Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish* head:

“ Then pressed with the fear that she there lived in,

“ *A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender skin.*”

MALONE.

⁷ *What if this mixture do not work at all?]* So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239: “ — but what know I (sayd she) whether the operation of this poudre will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jessing stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how shall I endure the flinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fanisie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood:”

Here also Shakspeare appears to have followed the poem:

“ — to the end I may my name and conscience save,

“ I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:

Must I of force be married to the county?⁸—
 No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
*Laying down a dagger.*⁹

“ Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:—
 “ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:
 “ What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 “ Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all*?
 “ And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,
 “ And other beasts and worms, that are of nature venomous,
 “ That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
 “ And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are
 found,
 “ Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?
 “ Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,
 “ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store
 “ Of carcases not yet consum’d, and bones that long before
 “ Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,
 “ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common grave?
 “ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
 “ Find me, if I awake before, *y-flifted in the tomb*?”

MALONE.

⁸ Must I of force be married to the county?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,
Shall I of force be married to the count?

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? MALONE.

⁹ — *lie thou there.* [*Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: “ — *Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet’s *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives*!”
 Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:
 “ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives*:
 “ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
 “ And with the other, I’ll dispatch my love.”

STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet’s having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a *knife*, it is not necessary to have recourse

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man:
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.²—
 How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,³

to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

“If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says:

“Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“’Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

² *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

³ *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,⁴
Lies fest'ring⁵ in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,⁶
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;⁷—

criticism of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — green in earth,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — of our dear brother's death,
“ The memory be green.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley:

“ — I am but
“ Green in my honours.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Lies fest'ring —] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

“ Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

⁶ — is it not like, that I,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — run mad;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ I have this night digg'd up a mandrake
“ And am grown mad with't.”

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

“ The cries of mandrakes never touch'd the ear
“ With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ I'll rather give an ear to the black shrieks
“ Of mandrakes,” &c.

Again, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*:

“ This is the mandrake's voice that undoes me.”

The mandrake (says Thomas Newton in his *Herball to the Bible*,

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,⁸
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.⁹

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

8vo. 1587) has been idly represented as “a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,” &c.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XHI. p. 145, n. 2; and Vol. XIV. p. 281, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁸ — *be* distraught,] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

“What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *distraught*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

SCENE VI.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.²

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell³ hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

² *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room where paste was made. So laundry, spicery, &c. MALONE.

See Vol. V. p. 299, n. 5. STEEVENS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

“Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *s*.”

“Item payd for xxiiii pounce of *prunys* iii *s*. viii *d*.”

STEEVENS.

³ *The curfew bell —*] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfew* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“—well 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*.”

STEEVENS.

The *curfew* bell is universally rung at eight or nine o'clock at night; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that any bell was ever rung so early as three in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Con-

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :⁴
Spare not so cost.

NURSE. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a wit ; What ! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LA. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt⁵ in
your time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

queror. To put out the fire became necessary only because it was time to go to bed : And if the *curfeu* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time. RITSON.

⁴ *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :*] Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty sollicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home ; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper. STEEVENS.

⁵ — — a mouse-hunt — —] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman :

“ Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*.”

STEEVENS.

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife written in 1593 (now in Dulwich College) :

“ EMANUEL,

“ My good sweet *mouse*, I commend me hartely to you and to my father, my mother, and to my sister Bels, hoping in God, though the sickness be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may escape your house,” &c. MALONE.

The animal called the *mouse-hunt*, is the *martin*. HENLEY.

Cat after kinde, good mouse hunt, is a proverb in *Heywood's Dialogue*, 1598. 1st. pt. c. 2. HOLT WHITE.

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1. SERV. Things for the cook, fir; but I know
not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Cal Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. SERV. I have a head, fir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

CAP. 'Mafs, and well faid; A merry whoreson!
ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with mufick ftraight,

[*Mufick within.*

For fo he faid he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife! what, ho!—what, Nurse, I fay!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste I fay! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Mistrefs!—what, mistrefs!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you flug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,⁶

⁶ — *set up his rest,*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuzs. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ — My rest is up,
“ Nor will I go less — ”

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ Like a musket on a rest.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*, tom. v. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained, it is however oftener employed with a reference to the game at *primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly



John Opie, inv.

*Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;*

SHAKSPEARE.

Romeo and Juliet.

ACT. IV. SCENE V.

*But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
How the clouds, as high as heaven, it*

L'Epine, direc.

That you shall rest but little.— God forgive me,
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;⁷
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.— Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!—
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What noise is here?

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LA. CAP. What is the matter?

NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

LA. CAP. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
 come.

NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
 the day!

fo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to
Dodley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780,
 where several are brought together. REED.

⁷ ———why lady!—fie, you slug-abed!—

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragical
 History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“ First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,

“ Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.”
 MALONE.

LA. CAP. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

CAP. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time!⁸ unfortunate old man!

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LA. CAP.

O woful time!

CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.⁹

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:²—See, there she
lies,

⁸ *Accursed time!*] This line is taken from the first quarto 1597. MALONE.

⁹ *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.] Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

“ But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

“ Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

“ That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,

“ *Ne yet to speak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to
keep.” MALONE.

² *O son, the night before thy wedding day*

Hath death lain with thy bride:] Euripides has sported with

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.³
 Death is my son-in-law,⁴ death is my heir;
 My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
 And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.⁵

PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's
 face,⁶
 And doth it give me such a sight as this?

this thought in the same manner, *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

“ Τὴνδ' αὖ τάλαιναν πᾶρθενον (τί πᾶρθενον;

“ Ἀδης νιν, ὥς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)” Sir W. RAWLINSON

Hath death lain with thy bride:] Perhaps this line is coarsely
 ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“ Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line
 in this play:

“ — I'll to my wedding bed,

“ And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.”

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first
 quarto. MALONE.

³ Flower as she was, deflowered by him.] This jingle was
 common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his
Greene in Conceit, 1598: “ — a garden-house having round
 about it many flowers, and within it much *deflowering*.” COLLINS.

⁴ Death is my son-in-law, &c.] The remaining part of this
 speech, “ death is my heir,” &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his
 edition; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example,
 took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly
 restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁵ — life leaving, all is death's.] The old copies read—life
 living. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ — morning's face,] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech
 of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies!

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

Born to the world to be a slave in it:

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.

LA. CAP. Accurs'd unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, poor and loving child
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

NURSE. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!⁸
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!—

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!⁹—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child, my joys are buried!

⁸ *O woe! O woful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597] Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed.

MALONE.

⁹ *Dead art thou, dead! &c.*] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote—

Dead, *dead*, art thou, &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. MALONE.

I have repeated the word—*dead*, though in another part of the line. STEEVENS.

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure²
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid!
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keep his part in eternal life.
The most you fought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature³ bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

² ——— *confusion's cure.*—] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?” MALONE.

³ *For though fond nature* ———] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio read, —though *some* nature. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond* for *some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shown that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

In all her best and sumptuous ornaments, &c.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

And in her best array bear her to church. MALONE.

I am fully satisfied with the reading of the second folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus*:

“’Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes.” STEEVENS.

CAP. All things,³ that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;⁴
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

FRI. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with him : —
 And go, sir Paris ; — every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS,
 and FRIAR.

1. MUS. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
 gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.⁵

[*Exit* Nurse.

³ *All things, &c*] Instead of this and the following speeches,
 the eldest quarto has only a couplet :

Cap. Let it be so ; come woeful sorrow-mates,

Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS.

All things, that we ordained festival, &c.] So, in the poem
 already quoted :

“ Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,

“ And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one ;

“ And now the wedding weeds for mourning weeds they change,

“ And Hymen to a dirge : — alas ! it seemeth strange.

“ Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,

“ And, whom they should see married, they follow to the
 grave ;

“ The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,

“ Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

⁴ — — *burial feast* ;] See Vol. XXII. p. 40, n. 4. STEEVENS.

⁵ — — *a pitiful case.*] If this speech was designed to be metrical,
 we should read — *piteous*. STEEVENS.

1. MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.⁶

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1. MUS. Why *heart's ease*?

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*:⁷ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.⁸

⁶ Enter Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of Peter was originally performed by William Kempe.

MALONE.

⁷ *My heart is full of woe*:] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers*:

“Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe.” STEEVENS.

⁸ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.] A dump anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
“Or a *French brawl*.”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris:

“—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“Paris. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a merry dump. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the dumps.

In a Ms. of Henry the eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, intitled, “My lady Careys *dompe*”; there is also “The duke of Somersettes *dompe*”; as we now say, “Lady Coventry's Minuet,” &c.

2. Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

MUS. No.

PET. I will then give it you foundly.

1. Mus. What will you give us?

PET. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:⁹
I will give you the minstrel.²

1. Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

"If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lybian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602. p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Passion*. It begins in this manner:

"I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,
"Nor is my minde nor matter musically;
"My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:
"Nor is my tale or talesman comically,
"Fashions and I were never friends at all:
"I write and credit that I see and knowe,
"And mean plain troth; would every one did so."

REED.

⁹ ——— the gleek:] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion."

To gleek is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called gleek. STEEVENS.

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. To gleek however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to jest according to the coarse humour of that age. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. RITSON.

² No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A Gleekman or Gligman, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a minstrel. See his Essay on the ancient English Minstrels, p. 55. The word gleek here signifies scorn, as Mr. Steevens has already observed.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. MUS. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief³ the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,⁴
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

and is, as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voce, and also in the Compleat Gamester, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90. DOUCE.

— the minstrel.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

“ Item, payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.

“ Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

“ Item, payd to the coke xv s.” STEEVENS.

³ *When griping grief* &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

“ New gripes of dread then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In Commendation of Musicke.

Where griping grief y^e hart would wound, & doleful dumps y^e
mind oppresse,

There musick with her silver sound, is wont with speede to geue
redress;

Why, *silver sound?* why, *musick with her silver sound?*

What say you, Simon Catling?⁵

1. Mus. Marry, fir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?⁶

Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salve in store:

In ioy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it cheers our heavy sprights,

The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights:

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his harp.

Oh heavenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule the ship,)

Of musick, whom y^e Gods affignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,

Sith thou both man, & beast doest moue, what wiseman then will thee reprove?

From the Paradise of Daintie

Richard Edwards.

Deuises, fol. 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597.] It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

⁵ —Simon Catling?] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of catgut. STEEVENS.

In *An historical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of catlings and lutestring," &c. A. C.

⁶ —Hugh Rebeck?] The fidler is so called from an instrument

2. Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3. Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*,⁷ because such fellows as you⁸ have seldom gold for founding:—

*Then musick with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[Exit, singing.]

1. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; carry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]

with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebequin*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "— 'Tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In England's *Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepherd Arsilus, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,

"And the jocund *rebecks* sound——" MALONE.

⁷ ——— *silver sound*,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fiddlers, here's no *silver sound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"—— what harmony is this

"With *silver sound* that glutieth Sophos' ears?"

Spenser perhaps is the first author of note who used this phrase:

"A *silver sound* that heavenly musick seem'd to make."

STEEVENS.

Edwards's Song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

⁸ ——— *because such fellows as you*——] Thus the quarto, 1597.

The others read—*because musicians*. I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

ACT V.⁹ SCENE I.Mantua. *A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,⁹
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

⁹ *A& V.*] The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

² *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] Thus the earliest copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may trust to what I saw in my sleep. The folio reads:

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep;
which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

The sense is, *If I may trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery.

JOHNSON.

The sense seems rather to be—"If I may repose any confidence in the flattering visions of the night."

Whether the former word ought to supersede the more modern one, let the reader determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,] i. e. If I may confide in those delightful visions which I have seen while asleep. The precise meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in A& II.

"—— all this is but a dream,

"Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

By the eye of sleep Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual

My bosom's lord³ fits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

power, which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*.

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep,
which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and, believe them to be true.—

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

" My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
" O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer*,
" Come thou on my side, and entreat for me." MALONE.

³ My bosom's lord —] So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601 :

" That neither Uter nor his counsell knew
" How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599: " — whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*," &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

" It gives a very echo to the seat
" Where *love* is thron'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

" Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and hearted throne."

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import “that Romeo loved less intensely than usual.” Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*sits cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*:

“And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep.”

Again, in the play before us:

“Upon his brow shame is *asham'd* to sit:

“For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,

“Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry V.*:

“As if allegiance in *their bosoms sat*,

“Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.” MALONE.

My bosom's lord——] These three lines are very gay and pleasing! But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

“How oft, when men are at the point of death,

“Have they been merry? which their keepers call

“A lightning before death.”

Again, in G. Wither's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

“—a lightning delight against his sudden destruction.”

STEEVENS.

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd,⁴ and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet?⁵ That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,⁶

⁴ *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead; —
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd,]* Shakspeare seems here to have remembered
Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you
Like It*:

“ By this sad Hero —

“ Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

“ He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,” &c.

MALONE.

⁵ *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and
the folio, read:

How doth my lady Juliet? MALONE.

⁶ — in Capels' monument,] Thus the old copies; and thus
Gascoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“ Thys token whych the Mountacutes did beare alwaies, so that

“ They covet to be knowne from Capels, where they passe,

“ For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses
was.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the
poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'*
monument the modern editors have substituted — *Capulet's* monu-
ment. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's, does
not, on this occasion, differ from his. REED.

And her immortal part with angels lives ;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you :
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! ⁷ —
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BAL. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus: ⁸
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BA. No, my good lord.

ROM. No matter: Get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
 Let's see for means: — O, mischief! thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary, ⁹ —

⁷ — *I defy you, stars!*] The first quarto — *I defy my stars*. The folio reads — *deny you, stars*. The present and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. STEEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read — *I deny you, stars*.

MALONE.

⁸ *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

“ I do beseech you, sir, have patience.” STEEVENS.

So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

⁹ *I do remember an apothecary, &c.*] This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. “ — behold-
 yng an apoticaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of
boxes and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the

And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :²
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd,³ and other skins

verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye would make him wyl-
lyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of
Romeus and Juliet before him ; for he has borrowed more than one
expression from thence :

" And seeking long, alas, too soon ! the thing he sought, he
found.

" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor ;

" And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,

" And in his window of his wares there was so small a *shew* :

" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be
bought ;

" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell. —

" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he) —

" Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,

" And more there is than you shall need ; for half of that is
there

" Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

" To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power."

MALONE.

* — meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :] See Sackville's
description of *Miserie* in his *Induction* :

" His face was leane, and some deal pinde away ;

" And eke his hands consumed to the bone." MALONE.

³ *An alligator stuff'd,*] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to
Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time,
made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop. " He made
(says Nashe,) an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his
head, instead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*."

MALONE.

I was many years ago assured, that formerly when an apothecary
first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,³
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty feeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said —
 An if a man⁴ did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need ;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

AP. Who calls so loud ?

ROM. Come hither man. — I see, that thou art
 poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer

him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only. I have met with the alligator, tortoise &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III. — It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators &c. some time before the physicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and solemn periwigs. STEEVENS.

³ *A beggarly account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the boxes were empty, the account was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *An if a man &c.*] This phraseology which means simply — *If*, was not unfrequent in Shakspeare's time and before. Thus, in Eodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 85 : " — meanys was maid unto me to see an yf I wold appoynt" &c. REED.

As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

AP. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

ROM. Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-
ness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks.
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,⁵

⁶ *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto reads:
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes.

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression *stare* within thy eyes. STEEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes: though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

RITSON.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes."

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus:

And dost thou fear to violate the law?

The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,

And therefore make no conscience of the law.

Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,⁶
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

AP. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROM. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

AP. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
 souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
 sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

without omitting the words — *famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving
 an hemistick. MALONE.

⁶ *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the
 oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line,
 which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

“Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.”

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling
 this of Shakspeare:

“Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

“Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

“Upon thy back where misery doth sit.

“O Rome,” &c.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590: MALONE.

See Vol. XI. p. 296, n. 4. STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John. —

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,⁷
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house

⁷ *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other.

STEEVENS.

In *The Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the Prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. Append. p. 448. HOLT WHITE.

By the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, ch. 22, it is declared — That no batchelor or scholar shall go into the town without a companion as a witness of his honesty, on pain for the first offence to be deprived of a week's commons, with further punishment for the offence if repeated. REED.

*Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, &c.]* So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

LAU. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

JOHN. I could not fend it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

LAU. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,⁸ but full of charge,

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
“ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
“ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
“ But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*
“ Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,
“ In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the passage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Here in this city visiting the sick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

⁸ — *was not nice*,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

“ My sonne, eschewe thilke vice. —
“ My father else were I *nice*.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

“ — the most complaint of all,

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [*Exit.*]

LAU. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;⁹
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

"Is to thinkin that I have be so nice,

"That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"You must appeare to be straunge and nyce."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Conterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *fool*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XV. p. 396, n. 9; and Vol. XVIII. p. 118, n. 7.

MALONE.

⁹ *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Lest that the lady should before I come

"Be wak'd from sleep, I will bye

"To free her from that tombe of miserie." STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof:—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,) But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

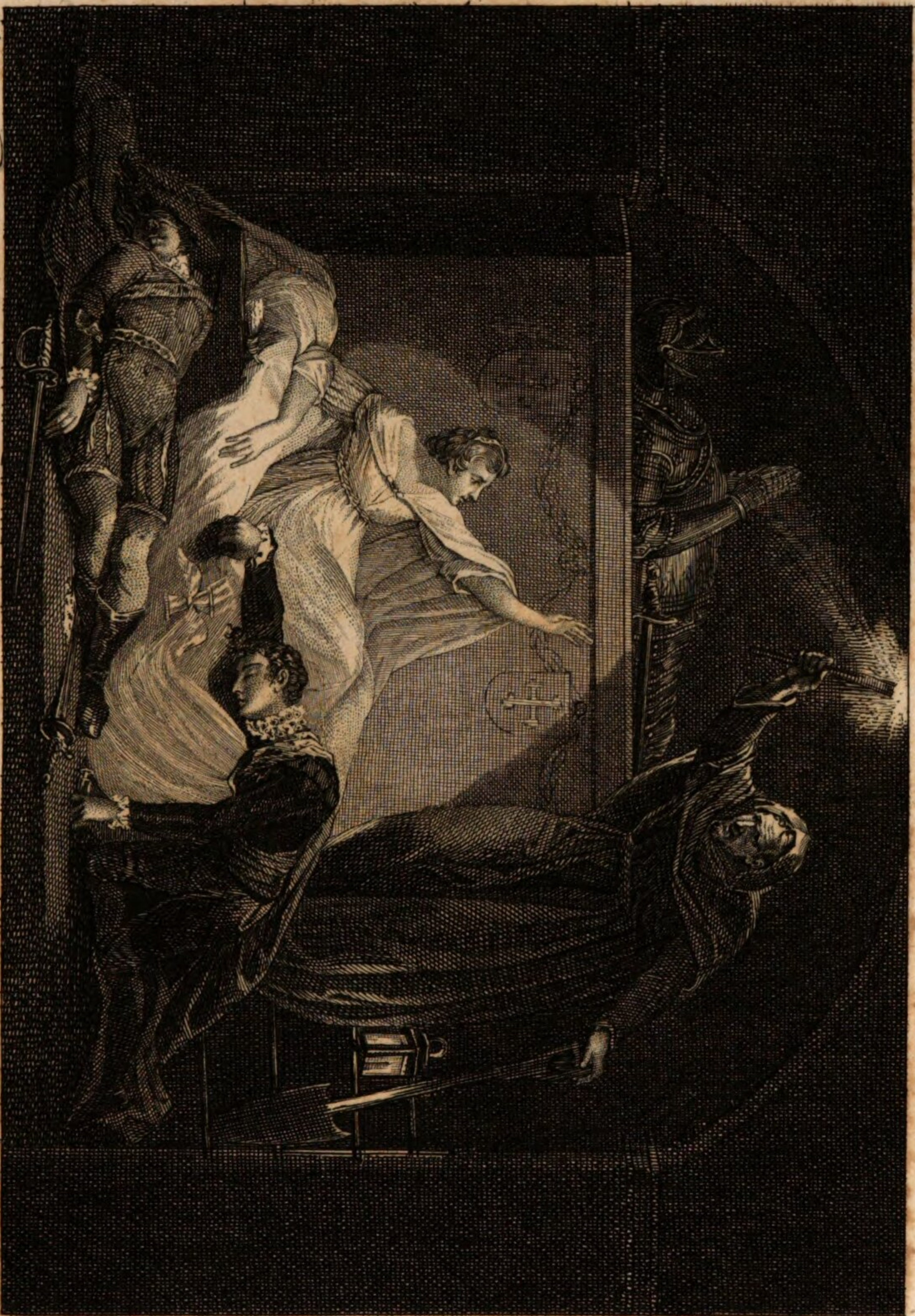
PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,^a

^a *Fair Juliet, that with angels &c.*] These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines:

“ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;
“ O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
“ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.



Jul. C. Northcote, inv.

L. Paine, del.

Jul. [waking] O comfortable fair, where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [Voice without.

SHAKSPEARE.

Romeo and Juliet.

I am. I hear some noise: Ladies, come from that mat

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch! — muffle me, night, a while.³

[*retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock,
&c.*

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrench-
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness; but took the
first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two inter-
mediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven
lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

³ ——— muffle me, night, a while.] Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,

“ Do muffle him againe—”

Muffle was not become a low word even in the time of Milton,
as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it:

“ Unmuffle ye faint stars” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress.
See Vol. V. p. 158, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment:⁴ therefore hence, be gone:—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild;⁵
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
 thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

ROM. Thou detestable⁶ maw, thou womb of
 death,

⁴ ——— *dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance*. Gems
 were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.
 See Vol. VIII. p. 75, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense:

“Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the *Odyssey*:

“—— full pitching on

“The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XVII. n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ ——— *savage-wild;*] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.
 STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *detestable* ———] This word, which is now accented on
 the second syllable, was once accented on the first; therefore this
 line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tra-*
gedie of Cræsus, 1604:

“Court with vain words and *detestable* lyes.”

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,⁷
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, A & III. sc. iii:

“And I will kiss thy *détestable* bones.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

“Such *détestable* vile impiety.” MALONE.

⁷ Heap not &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—*pull*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“——thou *heapest*

“A year's age on me.” STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“With sighs and salted tears her thriving doth begin,

“For she of *heaped* sorrows hath to speak, and not of *sin*.”

MALONE.

Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations,⁸
And do attach thee as a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. [They fight.]

PAGE: O lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch. [Exit Page.]

PAR. O, I am slain! [falls.]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

ROM. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul

⁸ *I do defy thy conjurations,*] Thus the quarto 1597. Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244: "—the watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs to *abuse the dead bodies*, for aide of their arte." The folio reads:

I do *defy* thy commiseration.

One of the ancient senses of the verb—to *defy*, was to *refuse* or *deny*. So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Or, as I said, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii:

"Foole, (said the Pagan) I thy gift *desye*."

See Vol. XII. p. 221, n. 8.

Paris may, however, mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart. STEEVENS.

I do defy thy conjurations,] So the quarto 1597. Instead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiseration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the same word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of these words, "*I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehension the true one.

MALONE.

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?¹
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern,² slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence³ full of light.

¹ ——— or did I dream it so?] Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly subjoins:

“ But I will satisfy thy last request,

“ For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.”

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit these lines, though perhaps he has not substituted better in their room.

STEEVENS.

² A grave? O, no; a lantern,] A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinbrough Castle*:

“ This lofty seat and lantern of that land,

“ Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er eu'ry streete.”

STEEVENS.

³ ——— presence ———] A presence is a public room. JOHNSON.

A presence means a publick room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,

“ His chamber hung with nobles, like a presence.”

M. MASON.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: “ ——— the king sent for the wounded man into the presence.” MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“ The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe

“ To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes

“ Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber

“ In Paris Louvre.” STEEVENS.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.³

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?⁴—O, my love! my wife:

³ — by a dead man interr'd.] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead.

MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I supposed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the side of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the same monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like some of those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

⁴ — O, how may I

Call this a lightning?] I think we should read,

— O, now may I

Call this a lightning? — JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how says he (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*?

RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But how, &c.* which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramattick pieces. So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ I thought it was a *lightning* before death,
“ Too sudden to be certain.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

“ — since after this he had not long to live,
“ This *lightning* flew before his death.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssy:

“ — extend their cheer
“ To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death.”

STEEVENS.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :⁵
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.⁶ —
 Thybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?⁷
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

⁵ *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :*] So, in Sidney's *Ar-
 cadia*, B. III: "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the
 beauty from her body." STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :
 "Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
 "Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
 "And ugly death sits faire within her face." MALONE.

⁶ — beauty's ensign yet
*Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosa-
 mond*, 1594 :

"And nought respecting death (the last of paines)
 "Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
 "Upon his new-got spoil ;" &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in
 his account of the lady's beauty ; and only says :

"—— ah, dear Juliet,
 "How well thy beauty doth become this grave !"

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.
 STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend
 some time ago pointed out to me a passage of Marini, which bears
 a very strong resemblance to this :

Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca

Vincitrice spiegò su'l volto mio.

Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?*] So, in Painter's
 translation, tom. ii. p. 242: "—— what greater or more cruel
 satisfaction canst thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for,
 than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys
 owne handes, and buried by thy syde?" STEEVENS.

To funder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;⁸

* ——— *Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.]* So, in Daniel's *Com-
 plaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Ah, now, methinks, I see death dallying seeks

“ *To entertain itselfe in love's sweete place.*” MALONE.

In the quarto 1597, the passage runs thus:

—— Ah dear Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this grave!

O, I believe that unsubstantial death

Is amorous, and doth court my love.

Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,

Set up my everlasting rest

With worms that are thy chamber-maids.

Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:

Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,

Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die.

[falls.

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the latter has *arms* instead of *arm*,) the lines appear thus:

—— Ah dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? *I will believe*

Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour;

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace [*pallat** 4°] of dim night

[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:

Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumblest in.

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die,]

Depart again; here, here, will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, &c.

Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide!

* — pallat—] meaning perhaps the *bed* of night. So, in *K. Henry IV.*
 P. II:

“ Upon uneasy *pallets* stretching thee.”

In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, however, (an old MS. in the library of
 the Marquis of Lansdowne) monuments are styled the “*palaces* of death.”

STEEVENS.

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;⁹

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die.

As the old blundering transcribers or compositors may be fairly supposed, in the present instance, to have given what Shakspeare had rejected, as well as what he designed to appear in his text, the lines within the crotchets are here omitted. Following the example of Mr. Malone, I have also omitted the long notes which, in some former editions, had accompanied this passage. STEEVENS.

There cannot, I think, be the smallest doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the carelessness or ignorance of the transcriber or compositor. In like manner, in a former scene we have two lines evidently of the same import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 188, n. 8.

In a preceding part of this passage Shakspeare was probably in doubt whether he should write:

— *I will believe*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

Or,

— *Shall I believe*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

and having probably erased the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wise compositor printed the rejected words as well as those intended to be retained.

With respect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,
it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expressed in its second than in its first exhibition, we have a right to presume that the poet intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

⁹ — *my everlasting rest;*] See a note on scene 5th of the pre-

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!³—
Come, bitter conduct,⁴ come, unfavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

ceding act, p. 202, n. 6. So, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton
and Rowley, 1653:

“—— could I *set up my rest*
“ That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
“ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to
rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play:

“ *Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.” STEEVENS.

³ —— *Eyes, look your last!*

*Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] So, in Daniel's *Com-
plaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest
“ The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,
“ O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest
“ The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss!
“ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
“ Motives of love, born to be matched never,
“ Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and
the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author
had read it recently before he wrote the last act of the present
tragedy.

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!] *Engrossing* seems to be
used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

⁴ *Come bitter conduct,*] Marston also in his satires, 1599, uses
conduct for *conductor*:

“ Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“ And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.”

See Vol. IV. p. 156, n. 7. MALONE.

Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

FRI. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?⁵—Who's
there?

Who is it that comforts, so late, the dead?⁶

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

FRI. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRI. Who is it?

BAL. Romeo.

FRI. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour.

FRI. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, sir:

⁵ ——— *how oft to-night*

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?] This accident was recko-
ned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *King Richard III.*, Hastings, going to execution, says:

“Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Who is it &c.*] This very appropriate question I have restored
from the quarto 1597. STEEVENS.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRI. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon
me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,⁶
And that my master slew him.

FRI. Romeo?—[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.⁷

[*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

⁶ *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The lady stirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

“*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and stirs.

“*Lav.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bless me! Heaven!

“*'Tis very cold, and yet here's something warm.*

JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

] *Noise within.*

FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;⁶
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;⁷
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;⁸

⁶ *Mar. Jun. She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.*

⁷ *“Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,*

“And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

⁸ *Lav. O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—*

“What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus:

“I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband.” MALONE.

⁶ — and unnatural sleep;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was unnatural, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

⁷ Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any literal translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative at the conclusion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

⁸ Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide:

“The weary watch discharg'd did hie them home to sleep.”

Again:

“The watchmen of the town the whilst are passed by,

“And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they spy.” MALONE.

Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare stay
no longer. [Exit.]

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,³
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm!

1. WATCH. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

JUL. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [Snatching ROMEO's dagger.⁴

In *Much ado about Nothing*, where the scene lies at Messina, our author has also introduced *Watchmen*; though without suggestion from any dull poem like that referred to on the present occasion.

See, however, Vol. XXIII. p. 25, n. 4, in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the strongest evidence, the present assertion relative to there being *no watch in Italy*. STEEVENS.

³ O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

Ah churl! drink all, and leave no drop for me!

The other:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after? MALONE.

⁴ Snatching Romeo's dagger.] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boileau*, tom. ii. p. 244: "Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart." STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his side*; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then past deadly fear, (for life ne had she care,)

"With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware."

MALONE.

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and
let me die.⁵

[*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1. WATCH. The ground is bloody; Search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;⁶—

[*Exeunt other watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

⁵ ——— [*there rust, and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

“ I, noise? then must I be resolute.

“ Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;

“ Rest in my bosom: thus I come to thee.”

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

“ This is thy sheath. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored:

“ Raise up the Montagues. Some others, go.

“ We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

“ But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*

“ We cannot without circumstance descry.” JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apology as sufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cause. STEEVENS.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2. WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
in the churchyard.

1. WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3. WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. WATCH. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek a-
broad?⁷

LA. CAP. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?⁸

⁷ ——— that they so shriek abroad?] Thus the folio and the un-
dated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that is so shriek abroad.

MALONE.

⁸ What fear is this, which startles in our ears?] The old copies
read—in your ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

1. WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
flain ;

And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1. WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-
meo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAP. O, heavens ! — O, wife ! look how our
daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.⁹

⁹ *This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house*

Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.] The modern editors
(contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without
attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which
was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read :

“ This dagger hath mista'en ; for, lo ! *the sheath*

“ *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,

“ *The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

“ ——— this dagger hath mistooke ;

“ For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Mountague,

“ And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast.”

The quarto, 1599, seems to afford the true reading :

“ This dagger hath mistane, for, loe ! his house

“ Is emptie on the back of Mountague,

“ And *it* mis-sheathd in my daughter's bosome.”

If we do not read—*it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—
The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in
Juliet's bosom.

Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its
place, and “ *it* mis-sheathed,” i. e. “ mis-sheathed *itself*” in the
bosom of Juliet.

LA. CAP. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

PRINCE. Come, Montague; for thou art early
up,²

To see thy son and heir more early down.

MON. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;³
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,

"And thy *dagger* handsumly *at thy backe*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"See you the huge bum *dagger* *at his backe*?"

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at what part of the back it was worn. STEEVENS.

The words, "*for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague*," are to be considered as parenthetical. In p. 229, l. 6 and 7, we have a similar construction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. MALONE.

² — *for thou art early up, &c.*] This speech (as appears from the following passage in *The second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,

"*You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*"

STEEVENS.

³ *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

But this, I suppose, the poet rejected, on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene. RITSON.

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.⁴

MON. O thou untaught!⁵ what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRI. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

FRI. I will be brief,⁶ for my short date of
breath

⁴ *Look, and thou shalt see.*] These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:

Look in this monument, and thou shalt see. STEEVENS.

⁵ *O thou untaught! &c.*] So, in *The Tragedie of Darius*, 1603:

“ Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:

“ Who came first to the world, should first depart.

“ It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;

“ This dealing is preposterous and o'er-thwart.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ If children pre-decease progenitors,

“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.”

MALONE.

⁶ *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.⁶

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
 I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should thither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease,
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

In this poem (which is subjoined to the present edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance as I have already observed, is introduced in *Hamlet*. See Vol. XXII. p. 357, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁶ — my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 91st Psalm:—

"— when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
 love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen:⁷—all are punish'd.

CAP. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more :
 Can I demand.

MON. But I can give thee more
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That, while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A glooming peace⁸ this morning with
 it brings ;

The fun, for sorrow, will not show his head :
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :⁹

⁷ *Have lost a brace of kinsmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in A& III. sc. iv. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as "a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says,

"—— Let me peruse this face;

"*Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" MALONE.

⁸ *A glooming peace &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.]

"Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaspeth or gloometh." STERVENs.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *gloom-*
ing was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

⁹ *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This seems to be not a resolution in the prince, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

STERVENs.

² — *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

"Luscus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know

"I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow

"Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo." STERVENs.

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"— among the monuments that in Verona been,

"There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

"Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."

MALONE.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile

elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him no such formidable person, but that *he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the poet.* Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

THE
TRAGICAL HYSTORY
OF
ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Containing in it a rare Example of true CONSTANCIE; With
the subtil Counfels and Practices of an old Fryer; and
their ill Event.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge;
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creak!) or wyld in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode-starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke;—

Right so my muse

Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better shape. The eldest of them loe
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochfull mouth might overthrowe:
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of fryfe,
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might;
And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn fight,
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:
New marriage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinke a drinke that seemes to reve her breath?
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death;
He drinke his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe, alas! she sleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET.*

T H E R E is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.

* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I observed that it was founded on *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke drown'd in passing to New-Haven*, by George Tuberville, (*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,) we learn that the former was the author of this poem :

“ Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
“ To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
“ And of the never-fading baye did make
“ A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
“ In proufe that he for myter did excell,
“ As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate* :
For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
“ When he the tale to English did translate.
“ But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
“ With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
“ Amid the seas unluckie youth was drown'd,
“ More speedie death than such one did deserve.”

The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucana Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story :

“ As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my youth I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for some years I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was forever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that departing from Gradisca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my servants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus addressed me: “ Will you then for ever live

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne
doth flow ;

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and please ;
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngrý eyes of those that curiously beholde ;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
Of Lombard townes, or at the least, compared with the best.
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with
payne,

Alas ! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth
to tell.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.
But sith shee doeth commaunde, whose best I must obeye,
In moorning verse a wofull chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retournd to smart :
Helpe eke, ye sisters three, my skilleffe pen tindyte.
For you it causd, which I alas ! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;
Lovd of the common sorte, lovde of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both when Fortune list to slyke ;
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew ;

this melancholy life, because a cruel and disdainful fair one does not love you ? though I now speak against myself, yet, since advice is easier to give than to follow, I must tell you, master of mine, that, besides its being disgraceful in a man of your profession to remain long in the chains of love, almost all the ends to which he conducts us are so replete with misery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in testimony of what I say, if it so please you, I could relate a transaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way less solitary and less disagreeable to us ; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miserable and piteous death. --- And now, upon my making him a sign of my willingness to listen, he thus began."

The phrase, in the beginning of this passage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath*, will be best explained by some account of the author, extracted from Crescimbeni, *Istoria della Volgare Poesia*, T. v. p. 91 : ' Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army ; but, fighting against the Germans in Friuli, was so wounded, that he remained for a time wholly disabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life ; on which account, quitting the profession of arms, he betook himself to letters, ' &c. MALONE.

The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
 A wonted use it is, that men of likely forte,
 (I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eache others porte.
 So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
 As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
 So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre:
 And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reved breth and
 lyfe.

No legend lye I tell; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
 That did behold the grisly fight with wet and weeping eye:
 But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,
 So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
 By jentyll meane he fought their choler to asswage,
 And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage;
 But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne,
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buyfy paine.
 When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,
 By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he
 quayle;

In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boornd within
 their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
 And eche with out ward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre therest dyd stayne,
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
 Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart
 entrappe,

That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove;
 Onely he fought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
 At length, in hope of better spede, himself the lover went;
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull
 lore,

By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move;
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)

That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke;
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre,
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by
 desyre,

But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:
 "What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour fowde in vayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude
 disdayne?"

What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,
 But she the path wherein I treade with spedy flight doth shunne.
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best,
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,
 That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to start.
 He cannot staye his steppe, but forth styll must he runne,
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne:
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
 But one among the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,
 Farre more then he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 "What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,
 In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruth?
 Now, for our frendships sake, and for thy health, I pray
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more
 away

Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate :
 In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thy self to hate.
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne ;
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue ?) Loves court she hath
 forsworne.

Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace :
 What man is better shapd than thou ? who hath a sweeter face ?
 By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,
 Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart,
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise ?
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe ?
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth :
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
 Choofe out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
 Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.
 But fow no more thy paynes in such a barraine foyle
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong mans listning eare receivd the holsome founde,
 And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde ;
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did
 freate.

To his approved frenda solemne othe he plight,
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
 At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete ;
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne !
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief new to
 brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.
 Yong damfels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
 (For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
 Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
 When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,
 All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forfooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
 But brighter than the funne the waxen torches shone,
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewties spotles hew;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes:
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
 Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:
 Perhaps toffend theyr gastes the courteous knights are loth;
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the princes
 wroth;
 Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God
 speede.
 So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,
 And they also behelding him their chaunge of fancies please:
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
 With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures
 frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boiste
 Of perfect shapes renowne and beauties founding prayse,
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes:
 And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
 His former love, for which oflate he ready was to dye,
 Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
 The proverbe faith, unminded oft are they that are unseene:
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery
 heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost;
 He doubtfull skafely knew what countenance to keepe;
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched
 deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
 To aske her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
 Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
 But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrы eyes;
 Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empyfonde
 baite:

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte:
 So is the poysonspred throughouthis bones and vaines,
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damfell hight,
 From fyde to fyde on every one dyd cast about her sight,
 At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,
 Who for her sake dyd banish health and fredome from eche
 limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre
 As Phœbus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
 In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
 And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he rast:
 Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,
 Till now he listd not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
 His whetted arrow loofde, so touchd her to the quicke,
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did
 sticke.

It booted not to strive. For why?—she wanted strength;
 The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length;

The pomps now of the feast her heart gynes to despyse;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new smitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,
Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr
beames,

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it
grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by
speech,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to
daunce ;

She quit herself so well and with so trim a grace
That she the chiefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere.
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.

At thone fyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other fyde there sat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleafant of devise.
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceafd fayre Juliets fnowifh hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his fwathing band,
That frofen mountayne yfe was never halfe fo cold,
As were his handes, though nere fo neere the fire he did them
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
For he wist well himfelfe for her abode most payne,
And well he wist she lov'd him best, unless she list to fayne.
Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest;
What joy, trow you, was grafted so in Romeus cloven brest?
The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong,
Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,
And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach
him saye.

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,

And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increafe,
At last, with trembling voyce and shamesfast chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde herselfe, and thus to him she sayde:

“ O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here ! ” —

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,
That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.
In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :

What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :
That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse ?

Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto herselfe by this ;

Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling chere :

“ Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and
feere,

Mercutios yfy hande had all to-frosen myne,
And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.”

Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye :

“ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,
That by my being here some service I have donne

That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.

O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,

Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire !

For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,

To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :

As prove shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye

His saltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.

But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,

Affure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,

Compard to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,

As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;

Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,

That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do
pyne.

And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;

Wherefore, alas ! have ruth on him, whom you do force to
boorne.”

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,

And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.

His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,

When lay sureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer
make :

“ You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours ;

My honour fav'd, prest to obey your will, while life endures.”

Lo ! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,

Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.

A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
 That hart with hart by even waight do make exchange of love.
 But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
 He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.
 With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
 Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him
 enchanted so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
 Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
 That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
 Wherefore with pitious plaint fierce Fortune doth he blame,
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing
 game.

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest;
 Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde;
 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were
 harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
 And now with spurre he forceth him to runne an endles race,
 Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
 He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
 And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,
 Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight
 should serve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
 For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.
 As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
 To learne his name that intertained her in so gentle wise;
 Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
 An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde;
 (This old dame in her youth had nursd her with her mylke,
 With slender nedel taught her sowe, and how to spyn with sylke.)
 Whattwayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
 Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
 And then, as eche of them had of his household name,
 So she him namd.— Yet once again the young and wyly
 dame:—

“And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,
 That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”
 His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your
 households rewe.

The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,

And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.
 What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe?
 What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysh my woe?
 But though her grevous paynes distraind her tender hart,
 Yet with an outward shew of joye she cloked inward smart;
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly took,
 That none did gesse the fodein change by changing of her
 looke.

Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyed,
 So well she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descrie.
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,
 Not half a wycke of quyet slepe could harber in her hed;
 For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes arise,
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
 And now from fyde to fyde she tosseth and she turnes,
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,
 And now she lykes her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fanfyes frames.
 Sometime in mynde to stop amyde her course begonne,
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to
 ronne.

Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
 The fight was feerfe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
 In tournyng mase of love she wandreth too and fro,
 Then standeth doutful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,
 How so her fanfies cease, her teares did never blin,
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint
 begin.

“ Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare!
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with
 care!

Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,
 By straying thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
 What if his fittel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,
 As oft the poyfond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust;
 And toornd their honour into shame, that did to slightly trust.
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus
 blamd?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainely written are.
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,

By futtle sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to woorke at length.

So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame.
When she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
Of my dispraye, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomeme,
Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow
toombe."

Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust
Her troblesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.
"No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted
gestes.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I see he loveth me: — shall I then be unkynd?
His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther
cheeke.

His fixed heavenly cyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde
Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I fure begylde,
Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.
What other certayn signes seke I of his good wit?
These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,
Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For so perchaunce this new alliance may procure
Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall endure."

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!
And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!
Weake arguments are stronge, our fancies streight to frame
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.
The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies
His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.

And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,
His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her
eye

His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-sowered not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy!
But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,
When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew,
In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by
daye;

But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth
dred.

Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye flaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—
Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.
Eche day she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;
And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she
wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,
His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twise as great was, all the time before;
For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,
Indouting both his health and life, his death she did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,

And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced
weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,
By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy?
His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
With whispering voice, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale
begonne:

“Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdaine, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy
knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?
And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more
deare.”

“Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they also (who so sayth nay) a sonder may it shreed,
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it coulde defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:”
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest:
Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),

With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne :
 " Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
 For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
 For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath ;
 In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
 For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,
 That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd
 endures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
 But these things overpast, if of your health and myne
 You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
 In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfold,
 That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
 For if you do intende my honor to defile,
 In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while :
 But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
 If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath
 found,

Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
 The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our householdes grewe,
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
 And following you whereso you goe, my fathers house forsake.
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
 You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty
 frute,

You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you beseeke
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse.*
 And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,

* --- *the hearers hart can gesse.*] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 271, l. 38.

" If any man ben here, whom love hath clad with care,

" To him I speake ; if thou wilt speede," &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means so general as at present, it must have been no unfrequent practice for those who did not possess this accomplishment to gratify their curiosity by listening while some better educated person read aloud. It is, I think, scarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this *Tragicall History* should be sung or recited in the streets : And Sir John Maundevile at the close of his work intreats " alle the Rederes and HERERES of his booke, zif it please hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c. p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *hereres of his booke* he unquestionably intended *hearers* in the sense I have suggested. HOLT WHITE.

He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down
he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake ;
And then his looke he tooꝛnd to her, and thus did answere
make :

“ Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.
In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my
hart,

Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
He is my gostly fyre, and oft he hath me taught
What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have
fought.

And at this self same houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he sayth.”
She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in schoole.
The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke ;
By magicks arte most men supposed that he could wonders
woorke,

Ne doth it ill besecme devines those skils to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow ;
For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
The townes folk harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence
ronne,

To thrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of
neede.

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.
Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste.
The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best ;
For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
As earst you heard, by skilful love found out his harmes redresse.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe ;

To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.
How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrst to talke with her himselfe he dyd aduance;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him
breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre
To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.
A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,
A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
And from the spousall rites he readeth him re-ayne,
Perhaps he shall be bet advyse within a weeke or twayne.
Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,
Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counfeld him to stay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the
waye,

As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth forth to runne.
Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;
And part, because he thinks the stormes, so lately overpast,
Of both the households wrath, this marriage might appease;
So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
The respite of a day he asketh to devise
What way were best, unknown, to ende so great an enterpryse.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leech doth make the salve to
cure;

So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hartes delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;
Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth forth his hap and his mishap
Into the friers brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.
The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde she wayteth still;—to her she doth bewray
Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.
Not easily she made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne
vowe

To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her heft;
Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of hym she doth desyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fryre.
On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift,
She shall be shrived and married:—how lyke you, noorse, this
drift?

Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
An easy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mocke the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarfe;
Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;
For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares some wanton dreame the youthful damfelle
drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saterdag.
And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;
Lord howe it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,
Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,
And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
The message aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.
But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.
And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr
lyes.

Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
In seven yeres twice told she had not bowd so lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: she sweares she will
bestowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
To help him to his hoped blisse; and, cowering downe agayne,
She takes her leave, and home she hies with spedy pace;
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling
face:

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace:
So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise:—
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought;
But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you
brought?

Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye:
I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.
How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day,
Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,
Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
“ There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,
No in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless
ruth.

At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
And I was fully ripe before, I dare well say, a yere.
The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, while life doth last.
In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,
When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.
She that this morning could her mistres mynd dissuade,
Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not
spare.

Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy sparing niggard, and the sutor that is poore.
For glittering gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a flight rewarde doth cause a more desert.
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,

There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two do fitte and chat awhyle,
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterdag, she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterdag betimes, in sober weed y-clad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave
 and sad.

With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth
 downe

Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves;
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,
 If frier Lawrence layfure had to heare her shrift, or no.
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth
 neere.

Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall
 be sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting
 mayde?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.
 But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more;
 Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight.
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe
 delight.

And joyful Juliet is healde of all her smart,

For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart:
 Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryr hath heard them make,
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeth here,
 Twixt you it is agreed; that you shal be his wyfe;
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life;
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull talke was
 past,

When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—
 The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.
 To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you will disclose;
 Betwixt yourselfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)
 “Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurse thys afternoone;
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe
 clime.

Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,
 And then with longer layfure had dispose our great affayres.”

These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse;
 Contented both, and yet both discontented still;

Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
 The painful souldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,
 The merchanteke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from
 farre,

The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much, but, when the warres do
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious
 woorth;

Dredeless the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.

For welth, her mate, not for herselfe, is peace so precious held:
 So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest,
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their
 brest;

But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
 The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
 Thy fearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost;
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
 Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
 Is hid with smelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
 Upon thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-defyred port.
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.
 A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him
 trust.

His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes;
 The bryde to send the nurse at twylight fayleth not,
 To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,
 Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face.
 How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay:
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere;
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
 The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all
 over-hyde.

Thappoynted howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
 Walkes toward his defyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
 So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,
 Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes.

Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes;
 The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;
 To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
 As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere
 so fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is;
 She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his:
 And ready then to fownde, she looked ruthfully,
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye,
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
 And she unto herselfe again retorned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,
 I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.
 The chrystal teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,
 When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
 " Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure;
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day;
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.

Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time affinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But forth in hast the old nurse stept, and so her aunswere
 stayde.

Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight:
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they
 went,

Where they were left alone—(the nurse is gone to rest)
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt,
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes down with
 headlong sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they forth the night, in sport, in joly game;
 The hastines of Phæbus steeds in great despyte they blame.

And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
And now in case he doth possesse the hoped place :
How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts
embrace.

The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleas'd,
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these sely soles diseas'd.
And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crime,
With friendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes.
By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre :
And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.
But who is he that can his present state assure ?
And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure ?
So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge ;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge :
Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.
For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe,
But other some there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so ;
Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme
the more.

Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne ;
As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.
The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
But winters blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former grefe with pleasures doubled gayne,
But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those households so agree,
But that some sparckles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee ;
Which lyethis while raaked up in ashes pale and ded,
Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.
At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;
The morrowe after Easter-day the mischief new begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purfers gate, a bend of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,

Best exercis'd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched
 large:

“Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may
 speake.

Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage;
 Let none of them escape alive.”—Then he with furious rage,
 And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
 And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.
 For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,
 And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to
 dye.

The woords that Tybalt usd to styrre his folke to yre,
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
 With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend;
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
 This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
 That whether part had got the worst, full doutfull were the
 thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
 And parts are taken on every side; both kindreds thether hye,
 Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him;
 And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym:
 His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,
 And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his
 cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the ground;
 With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful
 wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shylde to shylde set fast,
 One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.
 And whilst this noyse is rise in every townesmans eare,
 Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth woful Romeus
 heare.

With speddy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
 With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the
 place.

They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
 That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the
 streete.

Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele:
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,
That through theyr cares his sage advise no leysure had to
pearce.

Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the sward, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus
harmde.

Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to
part.

Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye:—
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
Against the force of this my sward shall serve thee for a shyld.
And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning
ward.

It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,
His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast affwage;—
Such seemed Romeus in every others fight,
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge him selfe by
fight.

Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the skye,
That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre
to flye;

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt
slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly stryfe!
Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.

The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
 The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman flayne,
 The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;
 His friends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both households straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
 Theyr bloudy weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
 From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
 To helpe his friends, and serve the state; which hope within an
 howre

Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his
 death.

And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,
 Without his falt, unto the seely Romeus;
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,
 The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull
 harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
 (Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)
 A certain charme was graved by Natures secreta arte,
 That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
 So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,
 That he releasd of exyle might straight retoorne againe.
 But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet!
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe sighes doth
 she fet!

How doth she tear her heare! her weede how doth she rent!

How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment !
 How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well !
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
 For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,
 With wretched sorrows cruell found she fild the empty ayre ;
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do
 rebounde.

Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and
 flowre.

But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
 Unto her chaumber there she hide ; there, overcharged with
 woe,

Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
 And inso wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe
 in.

Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
 Did cast her restless eye, at length the window she espide,
 Through which she had with joye seene Romeus many a time,
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to
 clyme.

She cryde, O cursed window! acurst be every pane,
 Through which, alas ! to sone I raught the cause of life and
 bane,

If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous ?
 That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke
 To bear so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rise,
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe ;
 That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode
 His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode ;
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest ?
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
 When to thy painted promises I lent my listning care,
 Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,
 And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,

I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still;
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipfed is,
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht
 it fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds
 face,

My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
 In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.
 What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?
 What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made
 your thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face.
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
 Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament,
 That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
 And where on earth itrestles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
 Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in
 store;

And then as still she was, as if insownd she lay,
 And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feble voyce gan
 say:

“ Ah cruel murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erned prayse;
 For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tybalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?
 Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Recceve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,

In flames of yre, in fighes, in sorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."
These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;
Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present
death.

The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,
Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented
her.

Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;
Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes stretched out, her outward parts as any marble colde,
The nurce supposde that she had payde to death her det,
And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?
But while she handled her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
So that a thousand times she cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same:
She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her
toes,

And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.
At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she
spyces.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
"Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with
mischaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corse?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.
For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?
Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me
dye."

The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,
With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care;

“ Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to
fare ;

Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.

But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,

This hower large and more I thought, so God me save,

That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely
grave.”

“ Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frende, (quoth she)

Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see

The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,

Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once
forlorne.”

Her nurce then aunswered thus—“ Methinkes it fits you yll

To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.

For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,

Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.

You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;

But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.

Tybalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares

To call him backe againe ? thinke you that he your crying
heares ?

You shall perceive the falt, if it be justly tryde,

Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.

Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,

To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,

To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?

Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,

And that there is good hope that he, within a while,

With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.

How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,

By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.

With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,

Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,

I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,

She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,

With such contented ease as never erst you had ;

Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.

And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,

A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,

To learne his present state, and what in time to comme

He mindes to doe ; which knowne by me, you shall know all and
somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,

Straight would I hyc where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence
cell.

But if you gynecst fones, as erst you did, to moorne,
 Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
 With hasty foote, before his time, runne to untimely death.
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppress,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her
 brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
 Then vanish they by hope of scape; and thus the lady lyes
 Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre:
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme they
 white and fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do runne;
 So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
 And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince
 might gyve,†

He fought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.
 In doutfull happe aye best a trusty frend is tryde;
 The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.
 A secret place he hath, well feeled round about,
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none nay finde it out;
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
 That neither winde nor smoky dampes have powre him ought to
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe
 Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne

Is published by trumpets found; then home he hies agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurse with spedy pace
Was comme the nereft way; ſhe fought no ydel reſting place.
The fryer ſent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
And promiſe made (what ſo befell) he ſhould that night by ſtelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wiſe
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly deviſe.
Thoſe joyfull newes the nurse brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke ſhe ſhall her love enjoy.
The fryer ſhuts faſt his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or elſe of death:
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona throwde.

Theſe heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware:
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the troden grounde.
He riſeth eſt, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for haſty death he cals.
“ Come ſpedy death, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of greefe
remove,

Of lothſome life breake downe the hated ſtaggering ſtayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woorke that might ſeeme wondrous in
our eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe lofty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth overblowe:
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe.”
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathd into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his ſwollen
eyes.

Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and heard,
Of ſuch beginninge ke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo weake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wiſe and friendly woordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can perce his cloſe forſtopped cares,

So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
 With voyce with plaint made horce, with fobs, and with a
 faltring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart;
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rife;
 The time and place of byrth he feerfly did reprove,
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne
 forth too long.

He wished that he had before his time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely
 shonne:

By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Loves troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short;
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the fault,
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
 "Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
 So that I stode in doute, this howre at the least,
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres

Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes
redres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,
And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
So that the broofed barke in cruell seas betoft,
Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to
shonne;

Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,
Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:
But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cause of sorow shall increafe, thou cause of thy
mischaunce.

Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdome's schoole;
The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.
As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decreafe,
As to indevor helping thinges by study to increafe.
The prayse of trew fredom in wisdomes bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords
be wise.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt
thou finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wisdom in adversitie finde cause of quiet joye.
And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
Like as there is no weale but wastes away somtime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away intime,
If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,

Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.
A fondry medson hath eche fondry faynt disease,
But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise
man straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face;
And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasures place,
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a whyle,
And she estones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall
smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede so many words to thee that art so wyfe?
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wisemans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynd;
But if that reasons beames againe might shine into thy mynd;
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye;
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and
thy crye.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten
death.

By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?
Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart?
Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?
Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hate?
Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.
For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,
He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in;
To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
Is onely cause of thy unrest; onely thou dost lament
That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
Enforfd to flye from her that hath the keeping of thy hart;

And so oppress with waight of smart that thou dost feele,
Thou dost complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning
wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,
All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
Though forward fortune chase thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
Admit thou shouldst abyde abroad a year or twayne,
Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greivous payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.
Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet must thou misse,
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse,
Thy heart thouleavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,
And in thy brest inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
With thought of passed joyes content thy discontented minde;
So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame;
How didst thou vainely burn in love of an unloving dame?
Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne?
Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last!
From whence thou art now falne, that, rayfed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
Compare the present while with times y-past before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in
store.

The whilst, this little wrong receive thou patiently,
And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chased by winters nimble wynde,

So have his reasons chased care out of his carefull mynde.
 As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
 Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him
 wife,

For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thanks the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
 And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;
 But sound advise aboundes in hides with horish heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
 But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
 Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences skill.
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his affayres at large.
 He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
 (Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
 How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
 Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassage,
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:
 And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,
 And there with holefome woordes to salve her sorowes smart,
 And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus brest,
 And eke the old wyves talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
 Likedayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;
 For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the
 skie,

To cleare the shadowde earth by clearennes of his face,
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr
 race;

Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behind theyr backe
 They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the
 wracke;

But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
 And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe;
 The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
 And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell;

With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before:

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
When restles Romeus and restles Juliet
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him
embrace,

That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet stode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had offspeaking any powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Theyr scalding fighes ascend, and by theyr cheekes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then
gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:

“ My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare
The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her swift-turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship
straight.

O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,
And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,
More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,
Then pleasure in an hundred yeares; so geyson is her grace.
The prooffe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my
feeres,

In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,
That, as your selfe dyd see, my foes envye my noble state.
One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,
To which as to the soveraign good by hope I would aspyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
But now, alack! too soone my blisse is over blowne,
And upside downe my purpose and my enterpryse are throwne.

And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave
(O graunt it God !) from daungers dread that I may suretie have.
For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wise;
That patiently you beare my absent long abod,
For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—"
And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish tears besprent,
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,
These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere
shesaide :

" Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,
Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse;
That every howre now and moment in a day
A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe
away?

Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destinye!
That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.
So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,
To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,
Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)
To cast me of, when thou hast culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas ! to soone, I, feely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,
For whom I am become unto myselfe a foe,
Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my friendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose the one,
Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,
And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll you retourne againe.
So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
So oft, methinkes, my life withdrawes it selfe awaye,

Which I retaine to no endels but to the end I may
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,
 And in distres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
 If evertender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;
 Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counfelleffe? canst thou no shift devise?
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse?
 What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,
 To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer,
 yes.

Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes
 you blew?

My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd
 behold

The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
 And kist her with a loving kyffe, and thus to her he spake:
 "Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,
 For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the fervent friendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,
 At once these fantasies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
 To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teach every wight to
 shonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
 And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
 And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his sight.
 Shaln we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
 Tehl cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;

I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life.
Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving
wife,

Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
(That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath;
If thou be bent to obey the love of reasons skill,
And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell will,
If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine own delight,
(Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of
sight,)

Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile:
So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,
So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last;
These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winters
blast.

For Fortune chaungeth more then fickle fantasie;
In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the
woorse,

And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne:
So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to
make,

That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native foyle.
But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in mans weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy hart,
And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy
smart.

For of this one thyng thou mayst well assured bee,
That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee.”
The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere
straight:

“ Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will;
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will. —
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
 The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall
 stand.

And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode.”
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the best.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;
 Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the ryfing sonne.
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth
 sinke,

What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.
 As yet he sawe no day, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorrowfull leave do take;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship
 shake.

Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of theyr gladfome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah ! beaten over fore.
 The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,

The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and
course to kepe,

And Verone gates awide the porters had set open.

When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence spoken,

Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,

Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.

He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,

To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away

With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted fyre;

And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he
hyre,

And with the nobler fort he doth himfelfe acquaynt,

And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt,

He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;

The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.

But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?

Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete defyred rest;

No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,

But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.

For when in toorning skies the heavens lamps are light,

And from the other hemisphere fayre Phœbus chafeth night,

When every man and beast hath rest from payneful toyle,

Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.

Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,

And then his sighes the chaumber fill, and out aloud he cries

Against the restless starres in rolling skies that raunge,

Against the fatal sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.

Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,

He thinketh Titans restless steedes of restines do stay;

Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,

Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandred farre about.

While thus in ydell thoughts the very time he spendeth,

The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he
endeth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?

In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone;

For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,

That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves
enjoye?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,

He wayleth most his wretchednes that is of wretches cheefe.

When he doth heare abroad the prayse of ladies blowne,

Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.

When pleasant songes he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,

The melodye of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.

But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
 The place it selfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees,
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him
 glad.

And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw
 light.

And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge,
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could
 Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere so
 fayne she would;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare,
 The carefull mother markes; then of her helth afrayde,
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde:
 "Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short
 Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
 Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth
 therefore

Your greefe and payne, yourself on joy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
 You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill:
 It is a fault thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."

The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
 No longer could she hide her harme, but answered thus agayne,
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:

"Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed;
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
 That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping
 bryne."

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
 And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely
 hent.

But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,

Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted
forrow,

All meanes she sought of her and household folke to know
The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteles mone doth
growe.

But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented fore.

And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill this childe did fare.
And when she saw her time, thus to her seere she sayde :

“ Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the
mayde,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke and sleepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart :
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she
finde.

But, out alas ! I see not how it may be founde,

Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus
abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote ;
She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.
This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes.
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought ;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her
hath wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
She shed the last of Tybalts teares ; which woords amafd me so
That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve :
But now at length I have bethought me ; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudging envies faynt disease ; perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her seeres,
Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.
And more perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so ;
Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe,

Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
 For why? a bricke thing is glasse, and frayle is skilleffe youth.
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he:
 "Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,
 With so greatspeede I will endeavour to procure
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of
 mone."

This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
 And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter;
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought
 her;

Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
 As also well brought up, and wise; her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,
 Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to fyre.
 Of all the futers hym the father lyketh best,
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his beheft,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuede the mayde.
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather

Betweene the wooing Paris and her carefull loving father.
The person of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely
grace,

With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the
skyes.

She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,
Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,
Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
With horses wilde hertender partes asunder should be torne.
Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she
brake :

“ Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.
Doo what you list ; but yet of this assure you still,
If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,
Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part :
Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart ;
Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife ;
And you, my mother, shall becommethe murtheresse of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you
pray,

To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore ;
Cease all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more ;
But suffer Fortune seerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke
Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke
Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and
handes.

And, nigh besyde herselfe, her husband hath she fought ;
She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,

Sendes forth his folke in hafte for her, and byds them take no
leyfure ;

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The meffage heard, they part, to fetch that they muft fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when fhe her father faw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter floode in awe,
The fervantes fent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which fhe doth wafh with teares as fhe thus groveling lyes ;
So fast and eke fo plenteoufly diftill they from her eyes :
When fhe to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet fhe is ; for fighes and fobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The fyre, whose fwelling wroth her teares could not affwage,
With fiery eyen, and fkarlet cheekes, thus fpake her in his rage
(Whilft ruthfully flood by the maydens mother mylde) :

“ Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou difobedient childe ;
Hast thou fo foone let flip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou fo often times haft heard rehearfed at my boord ?
How much the Romaine youth of parentes floode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr feede the parentes had by
lawe ?

Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and fell,
(When fo they floode in neede) but more, if children did
rebell,

The parentes had the powre of lyfe and fodayn death.
What if thofe good men fould agayne receive the living breth ?
In how ftraight bondes would they thy flubborne body bynde ?
What weapons would they feeke for thee ? what torments
would they fynde,

To chaften, if they faw the lewdnefs of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulnefs to me, and shamefull flurdy ftryfe ;
Such care thy mother had, fo deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earneft fute provyded have for thee,
One of the greateft lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues fake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he fhall be left, his fathers welth is fuch,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came : and yet thou playeft in this
cave

The dainty foole and flubborne gyrle ; for want of skill
Thou doft refuse thy offered weale, and difobey my will.
Even by his ftrength I fwear, that fyrft did gev me lyfe,

And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my
wyfe,

Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent
To Countie Paris sute, and promise to agree
To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
But also to so close and to so hard a gayle
I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle
A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,
And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve
thee breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my
vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
Ere thou go hence, my selve would see thee chastned so,
That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy dutie how to
knowe;

And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde
Agaynst theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe
unkinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away;
Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the
floore.

Then she that oft had seene the fury of her fyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his
yre.

Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
As (overprest with restless thoughts) in piteous booteles
weeping.

The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.
So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,
And to saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;
Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.

When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she
feeles,

With fighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,
For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes
perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;
Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,
Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:
"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my journey take,
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I
stretch,

The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gasping here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Wher at the fryer astonde, and gastyly afrayde
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he
sayde:

"Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes
cease.

Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,
So holefome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented
mynde."

Hys wordes have chafed straight out of her hart despayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen
fayre.

So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gone;

Where fundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryfe;
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath fet before his eyes.
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
 To let her take Paris to sponse, since he him selfe hath byn
 The cheffest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
 Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
 An other while an huge heape of daungers dred
 His restless thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
 Even of himselfe that attempte he judgeth perilous;
 The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
 That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.
 For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undone, him selfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
 And then with double hast retorne where woful Juliet was;
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing
 breath,

Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.

Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;

“ On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,

The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.”

“ Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou
 be,

For loe! saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne
 owne,

For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart:
 I knowe that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne,
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove;

And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels
founde.

Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurse thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,
My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne
As every where is spred of me, but chesely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited ;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
But, in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.
But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn ;
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,
That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly
know :

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove ;
With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
(Although the science be against the lawes of men)
When sodayn daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheefly when
The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
(Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not
shonne,

But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me
blynde ;

When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banished frendly
rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the sbye,
Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,

And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,
And maistreth all his senses, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
That even the skilfull leche would say, that he is slayne by
death.

One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
But paineles as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh:
And thence (the effect once wrought) againe it doth restore
Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.
Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne
and lym

A pleasant slumber flyde, and quite dispred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strenght;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne
chaunce;

The corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyard,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparte,
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my
daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
Then may'st thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy
payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe;
(And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the
stryfe,

And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,
Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy."

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,
That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,
And then to him she sayd—"Doubt not but that I will
With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should
finke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,
That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye,"
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thanks and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre;
And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,
She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would
meete,

In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet did hold,
In mynde also, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleasant face, and with her wonted chere,
As soone as she was unto her approached sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:
"Madame, at saint Frauncis church have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place
So long a while, without a great and just cause why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
Released from affliction, restored is to rest!
For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseased
By gostly counsel and advise hath fryer Lawrence eased;
To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell of all our passed fryfe:
Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my fyre,
By my ungrate and stubborne fryfe I styrred unto yre;

But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
That, though I fought, no sure defence my searching thought
could finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promist to be ordered by the fryers prayfed skill.
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last
Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest
To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to
weare;

For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."
The simple mother was rapt into great delight?
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace.
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded
fyer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thanks God in his hart,
And then he sayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers first desert;
Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abode,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
 But loe, the earle saith; such feasting were but lost.
 And counsels him till mariagetime to spare so great a cost.
 For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
 The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
 Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
 Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
 But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:
 Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
 As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;
 That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,
 So secretly unwares to him she stole away his hart,
 That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
 And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted
 howre,

And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.
 The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight
 (As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.
 Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
 That they which did behold the same the night before,
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.
 Nothing did seeme to deere; the deereft thinges were bought;
 And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought,
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke;
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tride,
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe seekes to hyde.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye.
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurceseye.
 In chaumber secretly the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.
 The flattrng nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage;

And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayds
before.

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne ;
What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.
The pleasures past before she must account as gayne ;
But if he doe retorne — what then ? — for one she shall have
twayne.

The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe ;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe ;
And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
These words and like the nurse did speake, in hope to please,
But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde disease ;
But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurse new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She fought, the best she could, to fayne, and temperd so her
cheere,

That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
Her inward woe ; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.
Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurse beares up the stayre.
In Juliets chaumber was her wonted use to lye ;
Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye
As soone as she began her pallet to unfold.
Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els ;
And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.
“ Dere frend, quoth she, you knowe, to-morrow is the day
Of new contract ; wherefore this night, my purpose is to pray
Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
That they so smyle upon the doinges of to-morrow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But see that you to-morrow comme before the dawning light,
For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ; ” —
And easely the loving nurse did yelde to her desyre.
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;
She little knew the close attempt her nurse-child went about.

The nurse departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stode by her.

The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed :
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute : and lying doutefully
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to com-
 plaine :

“ What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
 So much unfortunate as I ? so much past hope as I ?
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
 The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne ?
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
 Hath put me to this sodayne plunge, and brought to such distres.
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—”

And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe :

“ What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 Sooner or later then it should or els not worke at all ?
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are
 found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded ?—
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
 Of carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before
 Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,
 Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindreds common grave ?
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stifled in the tombe ?”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too
 long,

The force of her ymagining anon doth waxe so strong,
 That she surmise she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt ;
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before

Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded
fore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde.
All comfortles, for she shall living seere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan she ever all for dred,
Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.
Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
A sweate as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender
skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she
feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.
But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she conght,
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther
thought.

Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her
sleepe;

Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
“ Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.”

But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.

If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders found,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;

Wherewith the feely carefull nurse was wondrously apalde.

She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble
colde;

Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.

Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she
can,

At last with much adoe, "Dead (quoth she) is my childe;"
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:
"Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Whereto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gonne?
Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone?
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:
Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,
That dedly panges, when they asayle, shall not augment my
smart."

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would braft;
And whyle she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,
The county Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast;
But when the heavy news the byden gastes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance
and theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had scene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beane.
But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the hast he hath for skillfull leaches sent;
And hearing, of her passed life, they judge with one assent.
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
The same was it in which through Veron town was spread
The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.

For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,

That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;
So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
For so, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayfes grew,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
A frier of his house, (there never was a better,
He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme,
To helpe to take his Juliet of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;
Then shall he cary her to Mantua away.

(Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.

This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
Apace our fryer John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyfe
That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one
Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate;
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to
shonne.

Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;
Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there
grewe,

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and forow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.
But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied

About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to sorow is retorne the joy of every one;
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they
 chaunge,

And Hymene into a dyrg;—alas! it seemeth straunge:
 Insteade of mariage gloves, now funeral gownes they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup filld full of sorow and annoye,

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;
 For every household, if it be of any fame;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the householdes
 name;

Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus man did
 meete

His masters wife; the fight with sorowe straight did wounde
 His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
 And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
 Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him
 thus:

“Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke your selfe to arme,
 I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccasion of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
 I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchange of life;
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest;
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde.
 Within the tombe of Capilets:”—and herewithall he stayde.
 This sodayne message founde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares;

And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:
But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his
death:

Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.
Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,
Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be
seene,

And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abrode;
His servant, at the masters heft, in chaumber still abode:
And then fro streete to streete he wandreth up and downe,
To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he
founde.

An apothecary fate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;
Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
What by no frendship could be got, with money could be
bought;

For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
“Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre.”
The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
And then began with whispeting voyce thus in his care to
rounde:

“Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,
And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there

Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre
To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, fomewhat easd of one part of his care,
Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay, till he shall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.
Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take ;
Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd
make :

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull masters will.
Would God, he had herein broken his masters hest!
Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyscoorse,
How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight ;
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende ;
And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters clofd and seald, directed to his fyre,
He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne ;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quoth he, helpe to remove the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath
Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, as soon as he shall ryse,
present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes ;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart ;
And then our Romeus, the vault stone set up upright,
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.

And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft;
And in his 'folded armes full straightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,
And them on diuerse parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning
hart—

“ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost did
passe,

What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one selfesame vault with thee haply to be ingraved?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorye, could any men invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice
Of lyfe, set light for love?”— but while he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force;
Which little and little gan to overcommme his hart,
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:

“ Ah cofin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restless sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe
to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by.”
These sayd, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,
And little and little mased lyfe for aye began to fayle,

Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—

“ Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay,”
Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisoned soule hath fredome wonne at
length.

Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy
corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare
Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde:
“ There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,
And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast.
Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;
Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,
That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce
death dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe;*

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeased to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

And much amafde to fee in tombe fo great a light,
She wift not if fhe faw a dreame, or fprite that walkd by night.

“ So favourable was fortune to this his laft purpofe, that on the evening of the day fubfequent to the lady’s funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was filent, he betook himfelf to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where thefe monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though fince, for what reafon I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former manfion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himfelf. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, fuch as we ufually fee adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient fepulcher of the Capelletti family; and in this the fair damfel had been deposite. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of fuperior ftrength, by force raifed the ftone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpofe, having fo prop’d it that it could not be faftened down contrary to his defire, he entered, and reclofed the entrance.

“ The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after clofing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidft the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julieta lying as if dead. Whence fuddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleafed the Heavens, were to my eyes the brighteft lights! O lips, by me a thoufand times fo sweetly kifled, and from whence were heard the words of wifdom! O beauteous breaft, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I fee, do I fpeak, do I live? Alas, my miferable lady, whither haft thou been conducted by that love, whofe will it now is that this narrow fpace fhall both deftroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promifed not, nor that defire which firft inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I fupport you? and fo faying, he covered with kifses her eyes, her lips, her breaft, burfting every inflant into more abundant lamentation; in the midft of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life ftill more fhort by crushing me in your ruin? But fince death is at all times in our power, it is daftardly to defire it, and not to fnatch it: and, with thefe words, he drew forth from his fleeve the vial of deadly poifon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deftiny conducts me to die in the midft of my enemies, of thofe by me flain, and in their fepulcher; but fince, O my foul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bofom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ftroingly ftaining her to his breaft, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoft limit of all my defires, if after the foul is departed, any fentiment yet remains in you, or, if that foul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be difpleafing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaft I fhould die with you fadly and fecretly;—and holding the body ftroitly embraced, he awaited death.

“ The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damfel the cold and powerful effects of the powder fhould have been over-

But cumming to herselfe she knew them, and said thus :

“ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

come, and when she should awake ; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and, starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, Alas, where am I ? who is it thus embraces me ? by whom am I thus kissed ? and believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, she exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo ? is it thus you safely conduct me to him ? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he said, Do you not know me, O my sweet lady ? see you not that I am your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you ? Julietta, seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thousand kisses, saying, What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here ? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Frier Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you ? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal mistake, thus began : O miserable lot ! O wretched Romeo ! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers ! On this subject never have I received the letters ! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtle, he already felt, had sent forth death through all his limbs.

“ The unfortunate damsel hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast ; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke : Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means ! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment ? Wretched me ! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone !—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied : If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope ! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes ! To this the damsel answered ; If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real ? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself ! yet still will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death : And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

“ In this interval Frier Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a supposition of her death she had been buried ; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault ; where being arrived,

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
Left if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surprised, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immured in this dismal place; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all disheveled, and sadly grieving, had raised herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addressed himself: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclosed? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have sent me the letter? are these my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my bosom already dead!—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had passed. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? speak to me at least! cast your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo raised a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and looking at her, reclosed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulsed, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

“ The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addressed the young damsel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which she instantly replied,—here inclosed will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his finger shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and
colde;

And then perswaded her with patience to abyde
This sodain great mischaunce; and sayth, that he will soone pro-
vyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time
percase

She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,
And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.

But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye

On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
And out they gush;—with cruell hand she tare her golden
heares.

But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sicknes furious rage,
Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did em-
brace,

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne;
A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:

“ Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast
chose,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,

me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend, whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the task has been executed by another. MALONE.

How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that woult to fray the stoutest with his fight?
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
 In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
 The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy fure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe:
 Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote
 have trode?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
 To fynd my painfull passions salve, I myst the thing I fought;
 And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
 That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to come
 Of the most perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others;
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay
 wrang."

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
 And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stood in feare.
 When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vault alone,
 That freely she might woorke her will, for let or stay was none.
 Then oncc for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes;
 The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes;
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
 That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;
 And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
 "O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,
 That also art beginning of assured happines,
 Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost
 heer,

Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That caused alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;

And therefore willingly offers to thee her goft,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have juft caufe to
bofte

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have referved
Free from the reft, bound unto thee, that haft it well deferved,
That fo our parted fprites from light that we fee here,
In place of endleffe light and bliffe may ever live y-fere."

Thefe faid, her ruthleffe hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly fmart!
She grones, ſhe ſtretcheth out her limmes, ſhe ſhuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the fprite doth flye;—what ſhould I fay?
ſhe dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilt are paſſed by,
And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they
ſpye;

Whereby they did ſuppoſe inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared inſtruments had open wide the tombe,
In purpoſe to abuſe the bodies of the ded,
Which, by their ſcience ayde abuſde, do ſtand them oft in ſted.
Theyr curious harts deſyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine ſteppes deſcend, where they do fynd
below,

In claſped armes y wrapt the huſband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they ſeemd to ſee ſomme certaine markes of
lyfe.

But when more curiouſly with leysure they did vew,
The certainty of both theyr deathes aſſuredly they knew:
Then here and there ſo long with carefull eye they fought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—ſo they
thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the miſchiefe that they
found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyſpred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have ſeene whole houſholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder ſtraunge
was donne,

The great, the ſmall, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With haſty pace do ronne to ſee, but rew when they beholde.
And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne was
blowne)

The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the corſes that were founde
Should be ſet forth upon a ſtage hye rayſed from the grounde,

Right in the selfe same fourme, shewde forth to all mens sight,
That in the hollow vault they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or saynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling
teares:

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murd-
therers are;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say:
“ My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdome he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,
Ne is there any slander by can make me gylty blushe;
Although before the face of God I doe confesse
Myselfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.
When readiest I am and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,
And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth
thinke,

Through my most haynous deeде, with hedlong sway throwne
downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.
The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,

(And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face;
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
 That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pitie wept:
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyilty mynde.
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time:
 As though all howres alike had not been made above!
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve? whereby he sought to

prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand
 To what use yron first was made, when it began;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they
 flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
 No one of these hath powre, ne power have all the three,
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman eke should serve;
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were
 hore,

And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time to fore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
 And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free:
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should
 spare.

But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,
 And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,

Which might perhappes henceforth increafing more and more
 Within your confcience alfo increafe your curelefle fore,
 I fweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attetteth him,
 Whofe mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent fway,
 And on the rolling stormy feas the heavy earth doth flay)
 That I will make a fhort and eke a true difcourfe
 Of this moft wofull tragedy, and fhew both thend and fource
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no leffe
 Will wonder at then they alas ! poore lovers in diftreffe,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With ftrong and patient hart dyd yelde them felfe to cruell
 death :

Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
 And of theyr promyft frendfhippes fayth fo ftedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make difcourfe,
 Even from the firft, of Romeus and Juliets amours ;
 How firft by fodayn fight the one the other chofe,
 And twixt them felfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death
 might lofe ;

And how, within a while, with hotter love oppreff,
 Under confessions cloke, to him themfelfe they have addreff ;
 And how with folemne othes they have protefted both,
 That they in hart are married by promife and by othe ;
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
 They fhall be forft by earneft love in finneful ftate to live :
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he underftoode
 That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honeft,
 good,

And all thinges peyfed well, it feemed meet to bee
 (For lyke they were of nobleneffe, age, riches, and degree) ;
 Hoping that fo at length ended might be the ftryfe
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
 Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleafing in Gods fight,
 In fecret fhrift he wedded them ; and they the felfe fame night
 Made up the mariage in houfe of Capilet,
 As well doth know (if fhe be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
 And how, the whilft, Paris the earle was offred to his wife ;
 And how the lady dyd fo great a wrong dyfdayne,
 And how to fhrift unto his church fhe came to him agayne ;
 And how fhe fell flat downe before his feete aground,
 And how fhe fware, her hand and bloody knife fhould wound
 Her harmles hart, except that he fome meane dyd fynde
 To dyfappoynt the earles attempt : and fpoiles fave her mynde.

Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore
 The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted fomdeale with small and easy cryme,
 Then that the lady should, wery of lyving breath,
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death:
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,
 A certain powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure.
 That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds
 tombe.

He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man stervde,
 Supposing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death;
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
 And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchman, that
 they heard.

And for the proove of this his tale, he doth desyer
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter;
 And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause
 the better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
 And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd:
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave,
 This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretches name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson fold,
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde,
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could wish no better proove, save seeing it with theyr
 eyes:

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the prease there was not one that floode at all in doute,

The wyser fort, to counsell called by Escalus,
Here geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus:
The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been
knowne,

Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters heft,
In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest:
Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his
cote.

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Because that many time he woorthily did serve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame
Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth
his age;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could
asswage,

Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye,
On every side above were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene; *
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,

* Breval says in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide shewed him an old building, then converted into a house for orphans, in which the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been; but it was then destroyed. MALONE.

There is no monument more worthy of the fight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar,
at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the
xix day of November, An. do. 1562.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME.



Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel / Steevens, George,

The Plays of William Shakespeare with the corrections and illustrations of
various commentators, to which are added notes

Bd.: Vol. 21

Basil 1802

P.o.angl. 360 v-21

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749400-5

VD18 12105716-001